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McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor. OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY TERMS: $1.25 Per Year.

VOL. XXXIX. SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, JULY 31, 1902. NO. 31

WE WIN ANOTHER.

Our High School Team Trims Mountain Boys Friday.

MT. JEWETT, 1—SMETHPORT, 10.

An Interesting Game to the Seventh Inning—Both Pitchers do Good Work.

One of the most interesting games of ball of the season was played at Mt. Jewett last Friday afternoon between our High School and a similar team of the mountain town. Up to the fifth inning neither club had scored and at the beginning of the seventh inning the score stood one and one, both teams having crossed the rubber in the fifth. But here ended Mt. Jewett's chances of winning.

In the seventh our boys commenced to find Benson and most of those which were not hit safe were booted around by the infield till we made four runs. The eighth was a repetition of the previous inning with the exception that our team did not take any chances on errors but by good stick work pounded out five more runs and winning the game by the score of 10 to 1.

The game was preeminently a pitchers' battle. Denning, [illegible] struck out eleven men, did not give a base on balls and held his opponents down to four hits. The only score made by the Mt. Jewett team was in the fifth inning on an error at short and a passed ball, not a hit being made in this inning. Benson struck out eighteen men, allowed four bases on balls and eleven hits, eight of which were made after the sixth inning, when he seemed to get utterly discouraged with the support he received. Had he received the same support that our pitcher did the game might have been different. Both are first-class twirlers and some day they will be in fast company.

The tabulated score follows.

SMETHPORT H. S.	A B	R	H	P O	A	E
Rubin, s. s.	5	3	2	0	0	1
Rainer, c. f.	4	0	1	1	0	0
Michaels, r. f.	4	1	1	0	0	0
McCabe, 3b.	5	1	1	1	2	0
Backus, 2b	5	0	0	0	2	0
Wolters, 1b & c.	5	0	1	7	1	1
Rainer, l. f.	4	1	1	3	0	0
Purtle, c. & 1b	5	2	3	11	2	2
Denning, p	5	2	1	1	3	0
	42	10	11	27	10	4

MT. JEWETT H. S.	A B	R	H	P O	A	E
Ikey, c. f.	4	0	0	0	0	0
Dewey, 2b	4	0	0	0	1	2
Cook, s. s.	4	0	2	0	1	0
Johnson, r. f.	4	0	0	0	0	0
Larson, c	4	0	1	23	2	2
Gardner, l. f.	3	1	0	1	0	0
Lungren, 3b	3	0	0	2	0	2
Benson, p	3	0	0	0	1	0
Estry, 1b	3	0	1	1	0	1
	32	1	4	27	5	7

By innings:

Smethport .... 0 0 0 0 1 0 4 5 0—10

Mt. Jewett .... 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 0—1

Two base hit—Denning.

Struck out—by Denning, 11; by Benson 18.

Base on balls—off Benson, 4.

DAMAGED BY CLOUD BURST.

Crops of Irish Hollow and Potato Creek Farmers Washed Out.

Tuesday afternoon about 1 o'clock, a cloud burst occurred near the top of Brennan's hill, south of this borough, and as a result fields of oats, hay, etc., in Irish hollow on the south side of the hill were considerably damaged.

A. L. Gallup's farm on Potato Creek at the foot of Irish hollow suffered the greatest amount of damage. Oats and hay on this farm were washed out, by the sudden raising of a brook which runs through the fields. Several other farms suffered some damage from the heavy downpour of rain.

From Main street in this borough, where no rain was falling, the sight was a wonderful one. About the time of the cloud burst the top of Brennan's hill seemed covered by an immense cloud and the roar of the storm could be plainly heard. Most of the water ran down the south side of the hill into Irish hollow, but several rivulets running in the direction of this town were transformed into raging torrents. Potato Creek raised over 12 inches in fifteen minutes, but the waters soon subsided.

Lyman-Hinman.

On Wednesday, July 30th, the home of Mrs. A. E. Hinman on Main street was the scene of a quiet, but pretty wedding, when her daughter, Miss Chloe, was united in marriage to Mr. Hollis C. Lyman of Roulette. The Rev. G. H. Patterson, Ph. D., officiated.

The bride wore a dainty gown of white silk taffeta, with trimmings of silk lace and carried a shower bouquet of white carnations. At the bride's table covers were laid for eight. The bride was the recipient of a number of splendid presents.

Mr. and Mrs. Lyman left on the B., R. & P. for an extended trip, amid the good wishes of many friends. ***

I have the agency for the best gas range on the market. In fact it is the only perfect gas range on the market. It is the one "that makes the others look sick." Call and see it before buying anything else and you will have nothing else.

J. C. HAMLIN.

House For Rent.

After June 15th. Gas, water, bath, garden, $10. Just the place for summer. Inquire of Guy McCoy, at bank.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old, Taken from the Files.

Mrs. R. Burdick of this town came near meeting with a severe accident at Port Allegheny a few days since. She had been attending a Sabbath School Celebration, accompanied by her two children, and had started home. When upon the bridge which crosses the headrace near Arnold's mill she stopped to converse with some friends, the horse became frightened and backed the buggy with its contents into the race. Two young men were fortunately near by, who succeeded in rescuing Mrs. B. and her children before anything serious had happened to them, excepting, perhaps, quite an unexpected bath.

We learn that the beautiful pair of [illegible] Blackhawk colts, owned by Israel Moore of Keating township, were sold within the past week to Andrew Reilly of the same township for $125. Considering the colts were less than a month old, the price given by a good judge of horseflesh shows they are looked upon as a very valuable pair.

President Lincoln's proclamation of June 15, 1863, in part says: Whereas, The armed insurrectionary combinations now existing in several of the States are threatening to make inroads into the States of Maryland, Western Virginia, Pennsylvania and Ohio, requiring immediately an additional military force for the service of the United States. Now, therefore, I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States and Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy thereof, and of the militia of the several States when called into actual service, do hereby call into the service of the United States one hundred thousand militia from the States following, namely: From the State of Maryland, ten thousand. From the State of Pennsylvania, fifty thousand. From the State of Ohio, thirty thousand. From the State of West Virginia, ten thousand. To be mustered into the service of the United States forthwith and to serve for the period of six months from the date of such muster, unless sooner discharged.

Along with the body-guard of Gen. Grant rides his son, Fred, a stout lad of some twelve summers. He endures all the marches, follows his father under fire with all the coolness of an old soldier; and is, in short, "a chip of the old block."

A gentleman direct from the army besieging Vicksburg furnishes us with most cheering advices. Our army is sufficient to take the place. Gen. Grant's position as against Gen. Johnston is as strong as that of Gen. Pemberton against Gen. Grant. The indications multiply that the rebel army in Vicksburg must shortly surrender. The fire is very heavy and destructive. The rebel reply to our fire is not heavy and is ineffectual. Gen. Johnston is believed to be mainly employed in making preparations to defend the interior of Mississippi after the fall of Vicksburg.

The rebel ram Atlanta, formerly the Fingal, ironclad, which has been lurking in Savannah harbor for a long time, came out on June 16, either to attack our fleet or some of our seashore ports. As soon as she got out into Wassaw Sound the monitors Weehawken and Nahant made for her and opened fire. Accounts are very brief, but it would seem that in about twenty minutes the ram surrendered with her whole crew of 180 men, having fired but four shots and the monitors five.

In one of the townships of McKean county there dwells a father and several sons, who belong to that class of citizens who always vote the ticket labeled Democratic and who still believe that Gen. Jackson runs every four years for the Presidency. When the enrolling officer came around recently the sons of this family ridiculed the officer and annoyed him as much as possible while in the discharge of his duties. Just as he was leaving one of the boys spoke up as follows: "Hold on there, you haven't enrolled the old dog yet," referring to a dog lying by the side of the house. "Well," said the officer, "I have all the pups down and they'll answer for the first draft." The boys collapsed.

By telegraph to Olean we learn that Meade has given Lee a drubbing that he will not soon forget. Lee sent in a flag of truce requesting a cessation of hostilities for the purpose of burying the dead and exchanging prisoners. Meade replied that he would take care of the dead and as to prisoners he calculated to not only retake all that Lee had of his men, but the most of the rebel army! This sounds a little like generalship.

To Arms! Men of McKean! The fairest portion of your State is being made desolate by the ravages of war. A cruel and relentless foe has invaded the old Keystone and from his lips he taunts you with the edict that upon your soil the war is for the future to be carried on. In another column your Governor appeals to you to come to the rescue. The number of men McKean county is called upon to furnish in this crisis is 180 only. The Governor only asks 90 days' service from you and are you not willing to give it? Take it for granted that for the present your lands are secure from the tread of the foe, how long can you depend upon such a state of things if our brave army is defeated? Within the next six months Pennsylvania may be brought to the same dreadful condition the neighboring State of Virginia has been in for the past two years. Every able-bodied man who is not detained at home by more than ordinary circumstances is a coward if he holds back from defending his State at this time. Let the quota of McKean be filled at once; we are ready to make one of the number.

Pennsylvania Farmers Moving West.

Though farmers have been moving West from this State for about two hundred years, more or less, the fact that there is still a considerable movement from the central and eastern part has recently aroused more comment than the fact would seem to justify, says the Philadelphia Inquirer. We published the other day a letter from a man in South Carolina, calling attention to the fact there were plenty of good and cheap lands in the Appalachian valleys and that farmers who were skilled had made a great deal of success. He wants Pennsylvanians to go South instead of West.

One of the most curious phases of our history has been the fact that the Appalachian section has been almost entirely passed over in the development of the country. Those mountains are rich with coal and iron and stone, the valleys are fertile, there is an abundance of fuel and one would think that the section would be the very one to attract settlers. Yet the tide of emigration has persistently passed it by until very recently, when the Western lands have become scarce and dear.

The Shenandoah Valley in Virginia is only one of many in the section, though it is the best known. One of the richest agriculture sections in the country, it was the store house of the rebellion, which Grant had to destroy to cut off supplies for Lee's troops. Yet there are many valleys as fertile as the Shenandoah and our correspondent in calling attention to the great wealth there is near our doors ought to meet with some response. There are still lands in this State which can be advantageously developed, but it is in the nature of things that the farm which only takes care of one family cannot take care of the potential families raised on it, according to the law of Malthus. In consequence the young farmers must stir about. The rich prairie lands of the West are pretty well absorbed and irrigation is being employed to restore vast tracts to use.

We think it likely that with the government's immense aid in the way of irrigation there will be a continuous stream to what is now known as the arid section, but the fact remains that the largest undeveloped section in the country is in the Appalachian chain and that it is full of possibilities for all who want to get a good living from the soil.

The Principal Selected.

At a meeting of the board of trustees of the Clarion State Normal School Wednesday evening, July 24, Dr. Samuel Weir of Aurora, Ill., was elected principal of the school for the coming year. Dr. Weir was selected from a large number of applicants, among whom were many men of broad education and wide experience in the teaching profession.

Dr. Weir is a Canadian by birth and about forty-two years of age. He secured his elementary education in the public schools of Canada and later attended the Provincial Normal School at Ontario. In 1884 he entered Northwestern University at Evanston, Ill., from which institution he received the degrees of A. B. and B. D. in 1889. He later spent two years in post graduate work in Germany, receiving the degree of Ph. D., summa cumlaude, from Jena in 1895.

Dr. Weir's teaching experience has ranged from public school to university work. He was Professor of Latin and Greek at Southwestern Kansas College and later instructor in Northwestern University. From 1895 to 1901 he was professor of History of Education and Ethics in the School of Pedagogy of New York University. During 1901—02 he has been engaged in writing and lecturing in connection with the department of Pedagogy of the University of Cincinnati.

Dr. Weir has already entered upon the active duties of his office. The prospects for a successful year are bright. The Fall term begins September 2.

Sunday Excursions.

Commencing June 1st the B., B. & K. Ry. will sell round trip tickets on Sundays, good on day of date only, from Smethport to Bradford at 75¢, and to Ormsby at 25¢. Train leaves Smethport at 8 a. m., connecting at Bradford with trolley line to Rock City, and with Erie R. R. for Chautauqua Lake. Returning, train leaves Bradford at 6:15 p. m., giving passengers three hours and thirty minutes at Chautauqua Lake.

Carriages.

We have a fine assortment of Top and Open buggies, steel and rubber tire "run-abouts" and surreys for sale at rock bottom prices. Come and see us.

PALMER & DODGE.

Smethport, Pa., July 17, 1902. 4t

Charles Lemmler has a first-class line of trunks and traveling bags which he is selling at very reasonable prices. Call and see them.

Our No. 4 Water Heater is a jewel. Holmes & Gilfillan.

SMALLPOX SCARE IS NOW ABATING

The Disease is Confined to Two Families in East Smethport.

ONLY FIVE CASES HAVE DEVELOPED

Strict Quarantine Maintained. Condition of Patients is Favorable. Epidemic Not Feared.

During the past week the excitement created by the smallpox scare has considerably abated. People in general are taking simple precautions against contagion and an epidemic of the disease is no longer feared. Dr. Ostrander gives encouraging reports as to the condition of his patients.

The cases are in two families. Three children of Mr. and Mrs. James Lynch of East Smethport are ill with the disease. Miss Jennie and Raymond developed the disease last week. Mabel, the first patient, is now able to be about the house.

Dr. John Clark reported this morning that there were two cases of the disease in the Okerlund family. This house was placed under quarantine last week.

There are people who seem to take a malicious and peculiar delight in circulating reports of the development of alleged new cases, but as such reports are promptly [illegible] by physicians, they scare but few people.

A Terrible Accident.

Last Saturday the 5-year-old daughter of Frank Niles, who resides upon a farm about two miles west of Coudersport, met with an accident which will cripple her for life. The father was engaged in mowing his orchard with a machine, and the little girl had climbed a cherry tree, from which she halted her father as he drove beneath the tree and asked him to loan her his pocket knife. The team was stopped directly under her perch and as the father put his hand in his pocket she sprang from the tree to the ground, landing directly in front of the cutting-bar. Her sudden descent started the team, and before the parent could stop them, the sharp knives had completely severed her right foot at the ankle joint. Dr. F. C. Gorham of Coudersport was called who dressed the limb, and has the foot preserved in alcohol. It was a most trying time for the fond father, and yet, just such accidents occur every year, and there seems to be no way to prevent them.—Port Allegany Argus.

Two Fatal Accidents.

John W. Davie, private secretary to Congressman Vreeland, shot and accidentally killed himself yesterday at his home in Salamanca, N. Y. He was cleaning a shotgun when it discharged, the load taking effect just below the heart and he died within a very short time after the accident.

Miss Julia Hines lost her life and Mrs. James K. Johnson was seriously injured in a runaway accident near Bolivar, N. Y., yesterday afternoon. They were thrown against a fence breaking Mrs. Johnson's collar bone and it is thought she is internally injured. Miss Hines died in two hours. A small boy who accompanied them escaped with slight bruises.

Chas. Moore's Horse Wins.

At the opening of the Lake Erie circuit races at Titusville Wednesday, July 23, King Willis, owned by Chas. Moore, of Indiana, Pa., who formerly resided in Smethport, captured the three heats driven in the first race, 2:40 class, pacing. King Willis paced the last heat in 2:16¼. Fred Jamison of Indiana, Pa., drove the horse to victory and during the day established a new world's driving record. He drove the winning horse in each event, winning each race in one, two, three order, straight heats.

Attempted Burglary.

An attempt was made Monday night to break into the store of F. G. Lindholm & Co. Tuesday morning the glass in a rear basement door was found broken and investigation showed that a stone had been used to break the door. Nothing was taken from the building and the supposition is that the marauders were frightened away before they had gained an entrance.

Homeseekers' Excursions

to points all through the west via Nickel Plate road. Low rates best accommodations, through tourist car service, finest coaches, club meals 35¢ to $1.00, also meals a la carte. See nearest agent or write R. E. Payne, General Agent, 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y., or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y.

A Taylor Grate is "a thing of beauty and a joy forever," besides being a gas saver. Would be pleased to refer you to any one of our many customers who have used them in place of Gas Logs and old fashioned fire places.

JOHN C. HAMLIN.

New Wheels on that old buggy will make it good as new. We have them ready to put right on. Holmes & Gilfillan.

Thos. E. McMahon Killed.

Thomas E. McMahon, aged 25 years, while employed as a lineman on the N. Y. & Pa. telephone system at his home city, Ithaca, N. Y., was electrocuted Friday morning, July 18. The accident was caused by the imperfect insulation of an electric light wire charged with 2,200 volts. The following particulars are taken from the Ithaca Daily News:

"This morning the linemen went on the hill to change the hanging of a number of wires. McMahon and Walter Richardson were stationed on a pole at the corner of State and Eddy streets while Foreman Charles Colegrove was on a pole on the opposite side of the street. The men intended to change a telephone wire from the end of one cross arm to another. Running beneath the harmless wire at right angles to it was an alternating current conductor, said to be a No. 6 wire, which is made to carry 1,200 volts, but used here with life destroying voltage of 2,200.

"After cutting the telephone wire McMahon reached toward Richardson. The wire sagged and came in contact with the electric light wire. Just at the point where the telephone wire fell over the other wire the insulation had been burned away for a distance of four inches.

"The direct connection made by crossing the two wires sent the current into McMahon's body. He was standing on the cross arm between the wires. As soon as the current reached his body he fell headlong over the arm and landed there dead.

"The telephone wire having slipped over the non-insulated portion of the electric wire fell from his hand. Richardson seeing McMahon's condition called to Foreman Colegrove, who descended his pole and rushed to Richardson's assistance. The men first tried to carry McMahon's lifeless form to the ground. This they were unable to do and after several minutes the body was lowered to the street by a rope.

"Dr. Douglass was summoned. The physician worked for more than half an hour endeavoring to resuscitate McMahon. Dr. Meany was also called. The efforts of the physicians to bring life back to the stricken man were unsuccessful.

"An ambulance was called and the body of the dead boy was carried to the home of his parents.

"The only mark made by the current on Mr. McMahon's body was at the base of the thumb. The flesh was slightly burned but not so deeply as is usually the case in fatal accidents of the same nature."

The funeral and interment were held in Ithaca Sunday, July 20.

Mr. McMahon, who was a veteran of the Spanish-American war, was a well known and well liked young man by a large circle of friends in Smethport, where he was familiarly known as "Mickey." He worked as a snapper at the Smethport Window Glass works last fire and had been employed in Mt. Jewett and other towns in this vicinity.

Reduced Rates to the Sea-Shore.

Pennsylvania Railroad low-rate fifteen-day excursion for the present season from Erie, Rouseville, Corry, Dunkirk, Buffalo, Olean, Rochester, Bradford, Tionesta, Warren, Clermont, DuBois and principal intermediate stations to Renovo, inclusive, to Atlantic City, Cape May, Ocean City, or Sea Isle City, will be run on August 4, 11, and 20, 1902.

Excursion tickets, good to return by regular trains within 15 days will be sold at very low rates. Tickets to Atlantic City will be sold via the Delaware River Bridge Route, the only all-rail line, or via Market Street Wharf, Philadelphia.

Stop over can be had at Philadelphia, either going or returning.

For information regard to specific rates and time of trains consult hand bills, apply to agents; E. S. Harrar, Division Ticket Agent, Williamsport, Pa., or B. P. Fraser, Passenger Agent Buffalo Division, 307 Main Street, Ellicott Square, Buffalo, N. Y.

Knights of Pythias Meeting.

The Nickel Plate road will sell Aug. 1 to 10 inclusive, special excursion tickets Buffalo to San Francisco and return at rate $62.00 good returning to Sept., 30th account above meeting. Best accommodations, fast time, lowest rates. See nearest agent, or write R. E. Payne, General Agent, 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y., or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A, Holland, N. Y.

Now Is The Time

to go west. The Nickel Plate road is selling tickets at reduced rates to points all through the west. Fast time, finest equipment, everything for comfort and convenience of passengers. See nearest agent, or write R. E. Payne, General Agent, 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y., or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y.

A Taylor Grate is "a thing of beauty and joy forever," besides being a gas saver. Would be pleased to refer you to any one of our many customers who have used them in place of Gas Logs and old fashioned fire places.

JOHN C. HAMLIN.

The gas range "that makes the others look sick" is the one I handle. It is the leader of them all. Call and see it.

J. C. HAMLIN.

Two tons binders' twine for sale by Palmer & Dodge.

Smethport, Pa., July 15, 1902. 4t

Get Charles Lemmler's prices on traveling bags and trunks. He has the latest styles.

Nothing But Weeds

Nothing but weeds!
The farmer speeds
Along the barren ground,
On by the place where peas were sown
Down past the corn whence crows have flown,
Mowing the swaths of daisies down
As the rattling wheels go round.

Nothing but weeds
For all the seeds
He sowed with hopeful heart.
The barns he built for his sheaves of grain
Are torn away by wind and rain.
He looks at his dollars and sighs with pain
For he knows that they must part.

"Nothing but weeds!"
The farmer reads,
"Fill all the country round."
He rubs his "specs" and looks once more,
But reads the same as he did before
While the [illegible]
With its weary [illegible] sound.

HELEN [illegible] SMITH.

The Ministers Were Still There.

On Monday last a minister, who was passing a few days in Smethport, called up a brother divine in a neighboring town and entered into conversation with him over the telephone. A railroad man was in the central office at this place who was very anxious to use the line to talk to a party, who was also awaiting his turn. After a rather long wait the operator in the central office, thinking that the ministers had finished their conversation, turned over the instrument to the railroad man, who immediately commenced to relieve his feelings to his supposed friend in an outburst of language, very expressive, but somewhat picturesque. The expounders of the gospel had not finished their chat, and when the fusillade of dark blue adjectives assailed their ears, each listened terror-stricken, confident that his brother of the cloth had suddenly developed insanity. Amazed at the ominous silence that followed his remarks the railroad man made some rapid inquiries, discovered the true state of affairs, hung up the receiver and fled.

Cut Them Out.

A couple of Friendship mashers got the worst of a good joke Wednesday evening. Some young people drove over from Bolivar to see the fireworks, when the "mashers" proceeded to cut the Bolivar young men out. All went well until it was time for the young ladies to return home, when it was discovered that the Bolivar gentlemen had returned alone, thus leaving to the Friendship gentlemen the delightful experience of securing a rig at 3 o'clock in the morning and driving to Bolivar through the mud and rain.—Republican. No they did not get the worst of it. The average Friendship gallant would have enjoyed driving through blood "hub deep" as long as he had succeeded in beating the time of a Bolivar youth.

No More Treasurer's Sales.

It is not generally known that the Treasurer's sales that were held at the court house Monday, June 9, will be the last, the legislation under which the sales have been conducted in the past having been suspended by the act of assembly of 1901. Under the new law as it now stands, where the owner of the land fails to pay his taxes, the county commissioners simply file a claim in the prothonotary's office which thereupon becomes a lien upon the land. The execution may then be issued and the land levied upon and sold by the sheriff. Owners of real estate will save considerable money in costs by paying their taxes promptly in the future.—Punxsutawney News.

Political "Ps" Predominate.

"Pennsylvania's Pattison-Pennypacker political program presages prodigious potentialities," says an exchange.

People prefer Pennypacker. Political prophets place Pennypacker pre-eminently paramount; providing partisan plans prevail.

Pattison presumes prematurely. Possibly Pattison's previous pull persists; perhaps Pennsylvanians prefer Pennypacker.

Providing personal popularity predominates, Pennypacker's position promises permanent prominence, politically precluding Pattison's preferment.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post-office at Smethport for the week ending July 26, 1902.

Mrs. Jane Bush, Cary College, Geo. Fauver, Luther Johnson, F. D. Perkins, Rubber Roofing Co., Blair Steffy.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

The Money-Back Cough Syrup,

Means a lot to people who are tired of experimenting with the "ordinary" cough preparations—you are not out a cent if Dr. George Leininger's Formal-de-hyde Cough Cure does not please you. It will cure consumption and all serious and stubborn lung and throat diseases. Sold at 25c on a guarantee by J. W. Voorhees.

For Sale.

Ten head of well-bred Jersey and Holstein cows. The cattle can be seen by calling at the McKean County farm. For particulars address:

T. H. RYAN,
Smethport, Pa.

tf

The Heirs of Uncle James

BY EVERETT HOLBROOK

[illegible]

It was almost [illegible] I had [illegible] years [illegible] my poor [illegible] was looking worse [illegible] had ever [illegible] before [illegible] walked into my office [illegible] old gentleman named [illegible] Hawley [illegible] a lawyer [illegible] sometimes served [illegible] Lucas Wallace of Detroit, [illegible] requiring attention in the east.

Mr. Hawley wished me a courtly good [illegible], and after a few remarks [illegible] proceeded to [illegible] he had [illegible] before [illegible] the desk. It was [illegible] my uncle's letter to Mr. Hawley.

Mr. [illegible] just [illegible] had [illegible]. Please [illegible] relatives.

I gripped the arms of my chair with that [illegible] which makes one steady [illegible] body when it is the mind which really needs that service.

"[illegible] know who gets the [illegible]" I demanded.

The [illegible] lawyer glanced cautiously around [illegible] though he knew perfectly well [illegible] contained nobody [illegible].

"I [illegible] tell you," he said, "that you must [illegible] the information as strictly [illegible]."

I [illegible] something [illegible] that [illegible], and he acknowledged it with a grave and formal [illegible] of the head.

"As you [illegible] aware," said he, "your uncle had resolved [illegible] to divide the property [illegible] three persons [illegible] Mr. Alfred Haven and yourself, [illegible] respectively [illegible] of Mr. Wallace's elder and [illegible] sisters, deceased."

"For the love of heaven," I cried, "don't keep me in suspense! I know all this."

"And Miss Emily Wallace," he continued precisely as if I had not spoken, "who was adopted in infancy by Mr. Wallace's brother, also deceased. The family, in fact, may be said to be extinct except for the three persons named."

"Caesar's ghost!" I exclaimed. "The money! Who gets it?"

"Mr. Haven has been very close to Mr. Wallace since then," said he. "He is now in this city on business for him."

"He is a scheming, [illegible] rascal!" said I. "He has had his eye on that money!"

"[illegible]," said the lawyer. "In strictest confidence I am able to inform you that Miss Emily is sole heir under the latest will. She gets everything."

"[illegible]" I [illegible]. [illegible]

I [illegible] and [illegible] with [illegible].

"[illegible] of your [illegible]?"

"[illegible]," said I. "It was [illegible] a [illegible] We [illegible] must [illegible]."

"[illegible]," said he. "We [illegible] pledged not to tell any one. She will probably not know her good fortune until the will is read."

"Have you seen her?"

"No," he replied. "Mr. Haven, whom I met [illegible] while on my way here, has agreed to break the sad news to her."

"Does he know about the money?"

"I did not inform him," said the lawyer guardedly. "I really should not

"THE MONEY! WHO GETS IT?" I EXCLAIMED.

have told you, but [illegible] it seemed to me you should not labor under a disadvantage."

"You mean to tell me," I cried, aghast, "that Haven is going to take his last chance for a share of this money by trying to get himself accepted by Emily before she knows the truth? [illegible] that the money would make any difference in her choice, but"—

"Mr. Haven is a handsome and fascinating [illegible] man," said the lawyer. "I understand that he has professed affection for the young lady in the past. Under the circumstances, he may [illegible] her [illegible] his offers."

"And you thought I should have an equal chance?" I exclaimed. "My dear sir, you misjudge me. It is no longer possible for me to speak a word of love to her."

"For this scruple," said the old lawyer, rising, "you will leave the field clear to a man whom you have described as a conscienceless and mercenary rascal. I think that is carrying the point of honor too far."

He bowed himself out, leaving me in a state of mind accurately poised between joy and fear, joy that Emily would get the money, fear lest Haven might win her.

We all started west together on the 4:30 train, and the journey will long live in my memory. It was positively phantasmal in the falsity and hollowness of it. None of us had ever felt a strong affection for Uncle James. He was not a lovable man. Yet Haven, who had never loved anybody except himself, made so fine a pretense of grief for our uncle that he shamed Emily [illegible] tender [illegible] on the subject.

SHE WAS IN TEARS.

Though Haven openly professed to be entirely ignorant as to the disposition of the property, his manner was plainly intended to give the impression that he knew himself to be the heir. As time went on I could see that this bit of acting was beginning to have its effect upon Emily, though at first I had been convinced that she was aware of her own good fortune. This I had judged from her manner toward me, which had that indefinable and maddening constraint that money imposes. It was inconceivable to me that the prospect of a few hundreds of thousands of dollars should so change a girl whose mind had hitherto been open to me like some sweet, familiar book. But it is the way of the world! Yet what was I to do? She was an heiress and I a beggar, with a ruined business at my back.

The situation became unbearable, and after we had dined I sought the smoking compartment with Lawyer Hawley for company, leaving to my rival the [illegible] what I had been [illegible].

It may have been [illegible] when we were surprised by the advent of Haven, who came to say that he and Emily felt the need of a [illegible]. He had engaged the stateroom [illegible] for that purpose.

I had no idea what this portended, but I was not left long in doubt. Haven had convinced Hawley that he was the heir and had persuaded him to enter into an extraordinary proposition, which was no less than a pool of all our interests. In other words, we three possible heirs were to agree that, whatever might be the terms of the will, we would divide the property into thirds.

It was gratifying news to me, for it showed that this shrewd rascal had given up hope of winning Emily's hand. I knew him for a sharp student of human hearts, and my own exulted in the thought of his defeat. Of course, knowing that the money was Emily's, I could not enter into any scheme for its division, and it was with considerable satisfaction that for an hour or more I resisted both Haven's and Emily's arguments. It was a grief to me that she should have been willing to take advantage of what she must have supposed to be Haven's generosity; but, considering the justice of the division and the extreme poverty with which she was threatened, I was quite willing to forgive her. She was lost to me in any case, but I was devoutly glad that she was also lost to Haven.

I think I was in far the best humor of us all when we separated for the night. Emily was on the verge of tears, and Haven was both puzzled and alarmed, as I could easily see.

The great and gloomy house where Uncle James had lived seemed like a giant tomb when we four entered it. The servants moved about in the dim halls like ghosts, and in the drawing room a dry old lawyer stood, as if carved out of black wood, awaiting us. He announced that he would read the will at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, and that was all he would say. That the reading should precede the funeral was by my uncle's wish.

Shortly after this interview I missed Emily, and then a few minutes later came upon her in the library. She was in tears, and the sight restored me to my old bearing toward her. She was not weeping for Uncle James. For a long time she refused to give any reason. Then suddenly she said:

"I am so disappointed in you!"

"In me!" I exclaimed. "What have I done?"

"You have known all along that this money would go to you," she said. "If I had not been childishly silly, I should have seen it. Your manner toward me, Edward, was as hard as gold dollars when we met there at the depot. But [illegible] I was persuaded that Mr. Haven was the heir. And it was for your sake, knowing how hard pressed you were in business, that I consented to the division. Mr. Haven said that only in that way could you receive anything. We must all agree."

"Haven is the champion liar of the universe," I cried. "He knew the money was yours."

She shook her head sadly.

"No," she said; "he thought it was his, and only within the last few minutes have we known that you knew from the first that the last will was in your favor. Look at this."

She handed me a rough draft of a will making me sole legatee. It was dated only two days before my uncle's death.

"The housekeeper found this and gave it to Mr. Haven," she said.

"Saints of paradise," I cried. "Can this be true? Haven! Mr. Hawley!"

I rushed to the [illegible] steps in the hall, and they came hastily into the room.

"[illegible]," said I, "[illegible] changed. I desire the division which you suggested."

"I [illegible] consent to it," said Haven.

"You must," I replied. "It is absolutely your only way of being just to me. Otherwise I must bear forever the burden of your charge that I am a self seeker and a man of mercenary motives."

The words leaped out of me with the unmistakable force of sincerity, yet I had a long struggle to persuade Emily, though Haven, pale to the lips with excitement, labored in the same cause. We succeeded at last and with Hawley's aid drew up a contract. But for him we should undoubtedly have made a mess of it, but he showed the way. Had we contracted it [illegible] selves there would have been no certainty, for the two favored ones could have withdrawn from their word [illegible]. Though it would have [illegible] to me that Haven [illegible] be trusted not to [illegible] the whole, however, it was [illegible] that each of us should [illegible] the [illegible] estate to Mr. Hawley as trustee for certain specified purposes. The trustee was made a party to the contract, which thus could not be broken without his consent. He pledged himself not to give it under any circumstances.

The document was [illegible] witnessed, and Lawyer Hawley put it in his pocket.

It was [illegible] when I [illegible] room, the [illegible]. Haven was there alone, sitting on a divan, laughing aloud in an [illegible] hysterical fashion.

"Eddie," he said as I stood staring at him, "I sized you up wrong."

"What do you mean?" I demanded.

"Why, it's no harm telling you now," he said. "We've made an unbreakable

"I'VE KNOWN FROM THE START THAT YOU WERE THE HEIR."

contract. This is the point: I've known from the start that you were the heir, but I told Hawley that it was Emily, pledging him to secrecy, but well aware that he would tell you. The old fox likes you. There was no doubt about what he'd do. Then I convinced Emily that the money was mine, knowing that she was in love with you and for your sake would consent to the division. Otherwise she'd never have taken a penny that was coming to me.

"The scheme worked like a charm, except that you had scruples. I wouldn't have believed it of you, but a man in love is an idiot at the best. I'm free to say that I thought the game was up, and it was merely to injure you in Emily's eyes that I sprung that rough draft on her. Behold the result. Do you wonder that I laugh? It has been a close call."

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Hawley, glancing in at the door, "we are about to read the will."

It proved to be a brief document, dated one day before my uncle's death, and after remembering the servants for small sums it gave every penny of the residue to Alfred Haven. Emily and I were cut off completely.

Great Water Pumpers.

An acre of grass land, according to experiments, gives off not less than 6,400 quarts of water in twenty-four hours, and an acre of sunflowers would give a relatively greater quantity. In fact, swamps have been reclaimed and malarial marshes rendered innocuous by planting sunflowers or eucalyptus trees, which are great pumpers of water and also exert other influences counteracting baneful conditions of air, earth and water.

Far From It.

Girl With the Plump Neck—Fan Elliswink has begun to show her age, hasn't she?

Girl With the Dimple—I should say not! She's begun to try to hide it.—Chicago Tribune.

Some people can study a subject all their lives and then know nothing about it.—Atchison Globe.

A man is generally at his heaviest in his fortieth year.

PERSIAN RUGS.

A Safe Rule by Which to Distinguish the Genuine Ones.

A great many persons flatter themselves that they are able to tell a genuine Persian rug from a spurious machine made one by touch, but in this they deceive themselves. The best and surest way to tell a genuine from an imitation Persian rug is the following:

If one will look closely, one will observe that in the genuine Persian rug the intricate and complicated pattern or design is not alike, the symmetry of the corresponding flowers, vines or geometrical figures of one side being a little out of line, larger or smaller or not meeting and joining with figures on the corresponding detail on the opposite side of the rug. This is owing to the fact that in hand weaving it is impossible to obtain perfect symmetry of patterns, especially when the designs are as complicated as they are on Persian rugs. On the other hand, let one examine closely the machine made rug and one will find the most perfect symmetry of pattern, so much so in fact that the design looks positively rigid and harsh. This a pretty safe guide, and if observed one will seldom mistake an imitation for a genuine Persian rug.

Cultivating Ginger.

Ginger is made a matter of scientific culture in Jamaica. It is propagated by cutting up small pieces of the root, and if possible new, cool and from recently cleared woods is selected for it. It is a great impoverisher of the soil and grows so luxuriantly that in a short time a little piece of root will spread so as to produce nearly a pound of new roots. The sets are planted in March or April and get to their full growth about September.

The roots are dug usually in January or February. They are washed, exposed to the sun until thoroughly dried and packed in parcels of about a hundred pounds each. In order to dry them more rapidly they are first scalded in a little water put in order to destroy life, of which the roots are very tenacious. When ginger and fresh ginger are from the [illegible] roots. The [illegible] a few [illegible] of [illegible] whi[illegible] before the stems are some three to six inches big.

Mexican Child Life.

Mexican children high and low are exceedingly [illegible] in being treated almost uniformly with the greatest kindness and affection by their parents. From babyhood they have an excellent understanding with their elders, respect and affection on one side, affection and tenderness on the other. No Indian is too ragged or dirty to kiss the hand of his tattered old mother with the grace of a lord. This habit, with the real reverence of which it is the outward and visible symbol, is commenced early in childhood. An Indian, even drunk, does not abuse his family. Assisted home by a friend on either side, whose condition is only a few degrees better than his own, he sits on his doorstep the [illegible] to the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] with [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] his [illegible] on Sunday.

Syrian Asphalt.

Asphalt [illegible] the provinces of Syria [illegible] of the Dead Sea [illegible] of its waters. Through the action of earthquakes the asphalt has been [illegible] the bottom of the sea and driven toward the shores, especially to the east. The narratives of the Greek and Roman historians to the effect that asphalt in small islands was upheld by the salt water and driven over the surface of the sea are without doubt true. This asphalt and generally the oriental or Egyptian is pure and expensive and used principally in the manufacture of a certain kind of [illegible], but for general purposes, owing to its brittleness as well, is useless in the asphalt industry.—American Asphalt Journal.

He Got the Guineas.

A pretty story is told of an English nobleman whom his barber left half shaved and in a great hurry. His lordship thought the man was mad and sent to inquire after him.

He returned in person and thus explained himself: "I was not mad, my lord, but the sight of that heap of guineas on your dressing table and the remembrance of my starving family so affected me that if I had stayed another minute I should have cut your throat."

"I am glad you didn't do that," said his lordship gently, "and by all means take the guineas. I won them at the gambling table and should doubtless have lost them there."

By Proxy.

"What I object to," said the young woman who wants a vote, "is taxation without representation."

"If it's all the same to you," said the young man who is too bashful to propose directly, "I should be only too happy to represent your sentiments at the polls at every election."—Washington Star.

A Wife.

Benedict—Give me a few pointers on how to manage a wife, old chap.

Meeks—Can't, old boy, but I can give you no end of advice on how to be managed by a wife so that you'll think you are the manager.—Brooklyn Life.

Honest.

"Is he honest?"

"Honest! Why, say, I don't believe that man would cheat an Indian out of his reservation if he had the chance!"—Chicago Post.

CANDY CATHARTIC
Cascarets
[illegible]

WONDERFUL BROECK

THE ORIGINAL SPOTLESS TOWN IS IN NORTHERN HOLLAND.

A Neatness and a Brilliancy That Are Absolutely Painful Pervade the Whole Place—Rules Which the Inhabitants Must Observe.

Far up in northern Holland among the dikes [illegible] Broek [illegible] town. The [illegible] of [illegible] Broeck [illegible]. The streets are paved with [illegible] bricks of many colors. The houses are [illegible] colored, black, gray, purple, light blue or pale green. The doors are painted and gilded. For hours you may not see a soul in the streets or at the windows. The streets and houses, bridges, windows and lanes show a neatness and a brilliancy that are absolutely painful. At every step a new effect is disclosed, a new scene is beheld, as if painted upon the drop curtain of a stage. Everything is minute, compact, painted, spotless and clean. In the houses of Broeck for cleaning purposes you will find big brooms, little brooms, tooth brushes, [illegible] forks, whiting for the window panes, rouge for the forks and spoons, coal dust for the copper, emery for the iron utensils, brick powder for the floors and even small splinters of wood with which to pick out the tiny bits of straw in the cracks between the bricks. Here are some of the rules of this weird little town:

[illegible]

[illegible]

Any one crossing the village on horseback must get out of the saddle and lead the horse.

[illegible]

[illegible]

In addition to these established rules it is the custom for every citizen who sees a leaf or a bit of straw blown before his house by the wind to pick it up and throw it into the canal. The people [illegible] pass out of the village to dust their shoes. Dozens of boys are paid to blow the dust from between the bricks in the streets four times an hour. In certain houses the guests are carried over the threshold so as not to soil the pavements. At one time the mania for cleaning in Broeck reached such a point that the housewives of the village neglected even their religious duties for scrubbing and washing. The village pastor, after trying every sort of persuasion, preached a long sermon, in which he declared that every Dutchwoman who had faithfully fulfilled her duties toward God in this world would find in the next a house packed full of furniture and stored with the finest varieties and precious articles of use and ornament, which, not being distracted by other occupations, she would be able to brush, wash and polish for all eternity. The [illegible] this [illegible] and the thought of this extreme happiness filled the women with [illegible] [illegible] pastor [illegible] cause to [illegible].

Almost every house in Broeck [illegible] [illegible] all colored red, blue, white or yellow [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] silver. The houses are brightly varnished and surrounded with red and white railings and fences. The panes of glass in the windows are bordered by many lines of different hues. The trunks of all the trees are painted gray from root to branch. Across the streams are many little wooden bridges, each painted as white as snow. The gutters are ornamented with a sort of wooden festoon, perforated like lace. The pointed facades are surmounted with a small weathercock, a little lance or something resembling a bunch of flowers. Nearly every house has two doors, one in front and one behind, the last for everyday entrance and exit and the former opened only on great occasions, such as births, deaths and marriages.

The gardens are as peculiar as the houses. The paths are hardly wide enough to walk in. One could put his arm around the flowerbeds. The dainty arbors would barely hold two persons sitting close together. The little myrtle hedges would scarcely reach to the knees of a four-year-old child. Between the arbors and the flower beds run little canals which seem made to float paper boats. They are crossed by miniature wooden bridges, with colored pillars and parapets. There are ponds the size of a bath, which are almost concealed by lilliputian boats tied with red cords to blue stakes, tiny staircases and miniature kitchen gardens. Everything could be measured with the hand, crossed at a leap, demolished by a blow. Moreover, there are trees cut in the shape of fans, plumes and disks, with their trunks colored white and blue. At every step one discovers a new effect, a fresh combination of hues, a novel caprice, some new absurdity.

The rooms are very tiny and resemble so many bazaars. There are porcelain figures on the cupboard, Chinese cups and sugar bowls on and under the tables, plates fastened on the walls, clocks, ostrich eggs, shells, vases, plates, glasses, placed in every corner and concealed. In every nook, cupboards full of hundreds of trifles and ornaments without name, a crowding disorder and utter confusion of colors.—Public Opinion.

DON'T TOBACCO SPIT and SMOKE Your Lifeaway!
You can be cured of any form of tobacco [illegible] NO-TO-BAC [illegible]

HEAD ACHE
"Both my wife and myself have been using CASCARETS and they are the best medicine we have ever had in the house. Last week [illegible] was frantic with headache for two days [illegible] tried some of your CASCARETS, and they relieved the pain [illegible] almost immediately. We both recommend Cascarets."
CHAS. STEDEFORD,
Pittsburg Safe & Deposit Co., Pittsburg, Pa.
CANDY CATHARTIC
Cascarets
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
REGULATE THE LIVER
Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sicken, Weaken, or Gripe, 10c, 25c, 50c.
... CURE CONSTIPATION. ...
Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York. 317
NO-TO-BAC Sold and guaranteed by all druggists to CURE Tobacco Habit.

Rooney's is the Place
to buy a nice, sweet piece of
Fresh, Salt or Smoked
MEAT
whether it be a full quarter or a small steak. And for
Fruit and Vegetables
I am always headquarters.
J. F. ROONEY, Smethport, Pa.

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The Finest and most compiet line of
Picture Mouldings
ever brought to Smethport. Before you purchase a frame call and see the elegant assortment at my studio.
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Leonard Koenig,
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PAINTING
AND
DECORATING.
UPHOLSTERING
Always done neatly and promptly. Latest styles of coverings on hand.
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E. W. JONES,
Successor to F. H. Nourse.
LIVERY & FEED STABLE
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First Class Rigs at Reasonable Prices.
Directly Opposite Court House.
SMETHPORT, PA.

For a
FINE, HOT OYSTER STEW
Step into the
Novelty Restaurant.
New York Counts,
Clams, Sigars and
Fine Confectioneries
Always on Hand.
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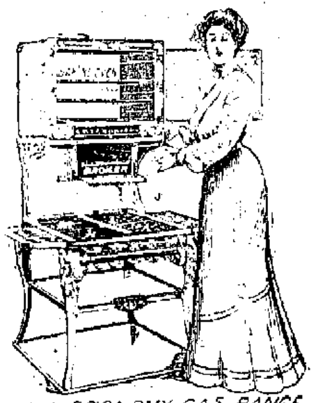
UNDERTAKING
AND
EMBALMING
IN ALL BRANCHES PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO BY AN EXPERIENCED FUNERAL DIRECTOR.
SPECHT & SASSE
SMETHPORT, PA.

Palmer & Dodge,
LIVERY, FEED & SALE STABLES.
FOR SALE,
Horses, Carriages, Wagons, Harness, [illegible] Cutters and Robes.
Smethport - Penn.
March 1, 1900.

The MINER and Redfield's Magazine offer the clubbing rate of $1.25 per year in advance. Redfield's Magazine is the best Five-Cent magazine on the market to-day and its circulation is increasing rapidly. Persons desirous of good reading should avail themselves of this excellent offer. Remember $1.25 is the price for both for one year.

A PICTURE

of the range that "MAKES THE OTHERS LOOK SICK"



REAL ECONOMY GAS RANGE

Made in a variety of sizes suitable for Families, Clubs, Hotels, Restaurants, &c. The Original and Only Gas Range having elevated oven and broiler and visible oven burners.

On Exhibition and For Sale by

J. C. Hamlin.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, July 31, 1902.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Costello, Potter county, has a case of smallpox.

—A bark peeler employed on a Slate Run job killed thirteen rattlesnakes and then quit the woods.

—Dave Dunkle, at one time pitcher for the Austin base ball team, is now pitching for Louisville, Ky.

—Charles Crane, a glassworker, has moved his family to Smethport, McKean county.—Wellsboro Gazette.

—Elk and Cameron counties are coming to the front with an unusually large batch of mid-summer rattlesnake stories.

—Roy Stark, Joe McCabe and Dick Koenig returned Saturday last from a week's outing on the west branch of Potato creek.

—A panther is supposed to be lurking in the vicinity of Eldred. The Eagle of last week contained an account of several visits of a beast of this nature.

—Lightning struck the grand stand at the fair grounds in Port Allegany last Thursday. A number of children were there at the time but none were injured.

—Herbert Yerdon of Jamestown, N. Y., entertained a number of his young friends at the Hotel Imperial last Saturday evening. An enjoyable time is reported by those in attendance.

—Kane defeated Ridgway in an exciting game of base ball at the latter place last Friday by a score of 8 to 7. Waldo Sasse played second base for Kane in his usual expert manner.

—The Smethport band rendered some excellent music at the park Sunday last. Many people took advantage of the let-up between showers and visited that pleasant spot during the afternoon.

—A 25,000 barrel tank containing about 13,000 barrels of oil was struck by lightning at South Bradford last Saturday evening about 6 o'clock. The tank and contents were totally destroyed.

—During the heavy storm last Thursday night lightning struck one of the Smethport Improvement Co.'s houses on Willow street. The chimney was damaged and a quantity of shingles were knocked off. The house was unoccupied. A tree on East Main street was also struck by lightning.

—The merchant who does not patronize his home paper has no occasion to kick if every farmer in the county bought his supplies direct from St. Louis or Chicago. The truth of the matter is, not seeing your advertisement in the home paper they think you have either gone out of business or don't want their trade.—Ex.

—During a recent electrical storm at Shingle House the large glass plant was three times struck by lightning and set on fire. The workmen around the factory quickly extinguished the flames.

James Jeffries again demonstrated his ability as champion heavyweight pugilist in San Francisco last Friday night by knocking out Robt. Fitzsimmons in eight rounds. Up to the time he landed the closing blow Jeffries was being terribly punished.

—The Smethport base ball team lost two out of three games played recently—one to Kane, the other to Johnsonburg. A few days previous they were victors over the Kane team. Kane and Johnsonburg must be well represented on the diamond.—Potter Enterprise.

—The famous Bucktail regiment will hold its sixteenth annual reunion at DuBois on Sept. 16, 17 and 18. There are but 204 survivors of a total of 1,198 men, who enlisted in this regiment at the outbreak of the civil war. These have scattered, and now reside in 21 states of the Union.

—A quartette of Frogs drove over from Swamp No. 1, Smethport, and jamboureed with croakers Foster and Gordon Studholme, Wednesday evening. 'Twas the wee sma' hours when they started for home and it is conceded that there was a pleasant time.—Port Allegany Reporter.

—A box car on the B., B. & K. Ry. was tipped over at the intersection of Union with Water street. The car was an Erie, partially loaded with window glass, but it was so well packed that it was not damaged. The wrecking crew had half a day's work getting the big car back onto its trucks.

—Farmers on rural free delivery routes are beginning to use printed letter heads giving the route on which they live. This insures correctly addressed answers to their communications, and besides looks business-like and marks the writer as of consequence in his community. Neatly printed and attractive stationery can be had at this office at a very reasonable price.

Why Suffer With Your Kidneys?

The discovery of Dr. Geo. Leininger's For-mal-de-hyde Kidney Tablets has proved a blessing to thousands of kidney sufferers who have been restored to perfect health. These tablets drive the kidney disease germs out of the blood and prevent accumulation of uric acid in the system. We urge all sufferers to give this successful and scientific kidney remedy a trial. They come in two sizes, 25 and 50 cents. Come and get a trial treatment free at J. W. Voorhees.

Cure Your Catarrh Now.

V. Van Dorn, 2011 Avenue B, Birmingham, Ala., writes: "I have had catarrh in one of the worst forms for 20 years, and after using Dr. Geo. Leininger's For-mal-de-hyde Inhaler for two days feel entirely relieved and believe by its continued use I will get cured." Sold at 50 cents on a guarantee, by J. W. Voorhees.

Correspondence.

FARMERS VALLEY

Two of our young gentlemen were to a show last Saturday evening at Turtle Point. It seems they lost their ride and they arrived home at 11:30 a. m. Saturday. It is a good ways walk up Annin creek, boys?

There will be an ice cream social at the new hall on August 8. Proceeds to apply on Elder Dunbar's salary. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

P. H. McGill was in Austin last Sunday, where he went on the excursion given by the Knights of Columbus of Olean and Bradford.

A number from this place attended the dance at Turtle Point last Friday night and all report a good time.

Mrs. Peter McGill of Washington is spending a few weeks in the Valley, a guest of relatives and friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Malby of Bradford have been spending a few days on their farm in this place.

Mr. and Mrs. Shattuck were calling on relatives in Eldred one day this week.

Miss Ethel Young of Allegany is visiting her grandmother, Mrs. A. Reed.

Mrs. Brookbank is visiting relatives and friends in Costello for a few days.

George Beebe of Olean is visiting his mother, Mrs. E. A. Smith, for awhile.

Mrs. Charles [illegible] and daughter Myrtle, are visiting friends in the Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Flower visited friends in E[illegible] one day last week.

Wm. Oviatt of Port Allegany was seen on our streets last Monday.

Mrs. Spencer was calling on relatives in Coryville last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam[illegible] visited relatives in Eldred recently.

Mrs. Frisbie of Coryville has been visiting in this place.

[illegible] Spencer made a flying trip to [illegible] recently.

H. W. Poole was in Smethport last Tuesday.

KANESHOLM

A great deal has been said about the isolation of the house on Pennsylvania avenue in this township where the unfortunate man with the smallpox was put. The truth is the house is not an isolated one by any means. It is the last of a row of houses on Pennsylvania avenue and is within twenty feet of Mr. Pennington's house and within a short distance of the Pennsylvania Glass Works. People pass back and forth all day long. The people who live on that avenue are highly indignant about it.

The A. P. C. Oil Co. shot a well on Monday up what is known as Smoky Hollow. It will make a fair oil producer.

O. F. Thompson, superintendent of the A. P. C. Oil Co., was at this place looking after the interests of his company.

Mr. and Mrs. Bailey, Rev. Yard, Miss Mildred Bailey and Miss Lyon drove to Burning Well Monday to see an oil well shot.

The telephone men have put up two direct wires between this place and Kane.

Mr. and Mrs. August Norman visited Kane Saturday on a business mission.

Mr. Hogan, Sr., went to his home in Olean, N. Y., on Saturday last.

Fred Johnson made a business trip to Kane on Saturday afternoon.

Chas. Lamar was in this place last week on the hunt for a girl.

Our tax collector was hustling delinquent taxpayers last week.

Alfred Norman visited Kane on Saturday.

Miss Deloe is visiting friends in Warren.

L. G. Bailey is building a barn.

LARABEE.

Quite a little excitement was occasioned Sunday morning by the burning of a carload of charcoal at the upper end of town. It made a very pretty sight when the flames were leaping highest.

Miss Dessie Windsor returned to her home in Coudersport Monday, after spending some days the guest of her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Windsor.

Mrs. Hat Rice and son, Bird, of Clermont and Mrs. Minnie Huntington and son, Harry, of Galeton were guests of Mrs. Viola Crandall on Thursday.

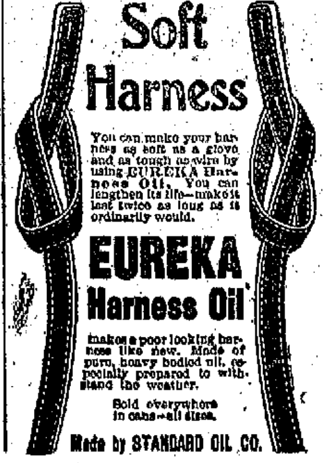
The Chadwick House is now plumbed for gas and presents a very metropolitan appearance when lighted at evening.

E. C. Hubbard was called to Crittenden, N. Y., Friday by the illness of his father-in-law, Leonard Ackerman.

Miss Belle Chisholm of Cross Fork was a guest of her aunt, Mrs. D. R. McDonald, for some days last week.

Masters Arthur and Ernest Hibbard came down from Coryville Sunday to visit Aunt Ruth Carpenter.

Our depot is undergoing some much needed repairs.



Soft Harness

You can make your harness as soft as a glove and as tough as wire by using EUREKA Harness Oil. You can lengthen its life—make it last twice as long as it ordinarily would.

EUREKA Harness Oil

makes a poor looking harness like new. Made of pure, heavy bodied oil, especially prepared to withstand the weather.

Sold everywhere in cans—all sizes.

Made by STANDARD OIL CO.

Mother's Girl.

There exists often a very beautiful companionship between the mother and her daughter. The intimacy is frank, free and sympathetic. But some day the mother feels as if something had chilled this intimacy. The child is silent and sad, and seems to shun her mother instead of seeking her.

This change very often occurs when the young girl is crossing the border line of womanhood. She is morbid, nervous, fearful, as she enters upon this new experience.

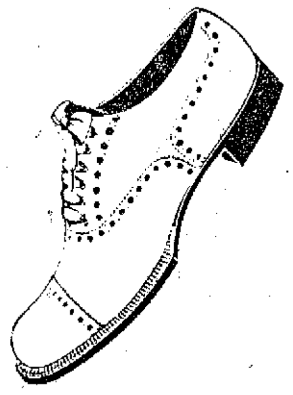
The use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription at such a time will do more than restore the normal balance of mind and body. It will establish the womanly function upon a basis of sound health, as well as improve the appetite, nourish the nerves, and promote the general physical health.

"Two years ago my daughter's health began to fail," writes Mrs Dan Hall, of Brodhead, Green Co., Wis. "Everything that could be thought of was done to help her but it was of no use. When she began to complain she was quite stout, weighed 150—the picture of good health, until about the age of fourteen, then in six months she was so run down her weight was but 120. I felt I could not give her up as she was the only child I had, and I must say, Doctor, that only for your 'Favorite Prescription' my daughter would have been in her grave today. When she had taken one-half bottle the natural function was established and we bought another one, making only two bottles in all, and she completely recovered. Since then she is as well as can be."

The Common Sense Medical Adviser, 1008 pages, in paper covers, is sent *free* on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps to pay expense of mailing *only*. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE FAMOUS.

Central Block, CLOTHING STORE. Smethport, Pa.



THE DULL SEASON

doesn't affect this store. We keep the crowd a-coming by offering these seasonable Bargains. For this and the next week you can buy here a

$10 FLANNEL SUIT

and a pair of

$3.50 WALKOVER SHOES for

$10.

Wm. Monheimer

Have You a Savings Account with the

PITTSBURGH BANK FOR SAVINGS

Smithfield St. and Fourth Ave.,
PITTSBURGH, PA.

Don't allow an out of town residence interfere with your opening an account with us, because you can bank by mail. Write us today for booklet on the subject.

Established 1862. $12,000,000 Deposits. 30,000 Depositors. 4 per cent. Interest.

NEWS STAND

One Door East of Chautauqua House.

GASKINS & GRANT,
Props.

ALL THE LEADING
Newspapers.
Tobaccos & Cigars.

We have just added a choice line of Weaver Bros. candies.

DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific
and up-to-date.
Painless extraction of
teeth. Over 25
years' experience.
Satisfaction guaranteed.

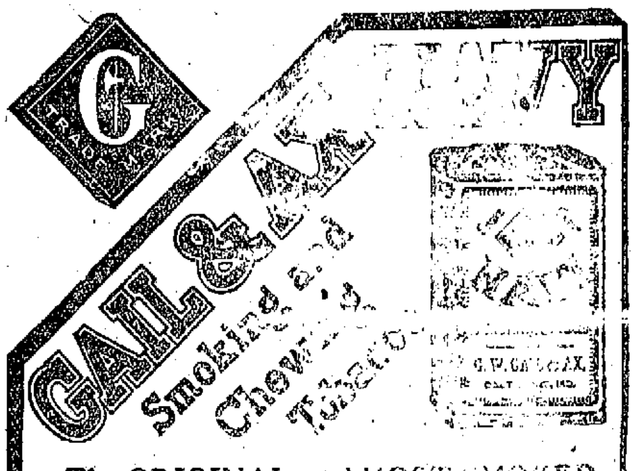
DR. F. C. PIERCE,
Smethport, Pa.

EMIL THAMM,

MANUFACTURER OF

Fine Cigars.

Wholesale and Retail Dealer.



The ORIGINAL and MOST SMOKED long cut tobacco in all the United States, manufactured with the express purpose of blending the two qualities, that of a good smoke and a good chew. It is made of light, sun-cured "Burley," the only tobacco from which a perfect combination of smoking and chewing tobacco can be made.

Gail & Ax Navy is known by the distinctive character of its blue wrapper (which has many imitators), it being to-day identically the same as forty years ago, and it now stands for the quality that it did then. You get the very best, and take no chances, when you buy Gail & Ax Navy.

Baltimore, 1859. G. W. GAIL & AX.

LIEBIG'S

PEPTONIZED EXTRACT OF MALT.

A Pleasant and Valuable Tonic.

Barley and Hops.

Just What you want for Lost Appetite.

Builds up the System.

Perfectly Pure and Extremely Agreeable.

None better for invalids.

20 Cents per Bottle or $2.00 per Dozen.

J. W. Voorhees

Palace Pharmacy SMETHPORT, PA.

FOR THE FAMILY.

I have just opened my wholesale liquor store in the Reilly Block and am in position to supply the leading brands of

Wines and Liquors

for family and medicinal use. All goods are guaranteed strictly pure.

A. J. Warshofsky,

Reilly Block, SMETHPORT, PA.

FURNITURE

You make no mistake in buying here. The stock is complete, and prices low.

CARPETS

An elegant assortment just received. Now is the time to secure best values. Remember our stock of wall paper contains all the latest patterns.

Main Street, Smethport. **Specht & Sasse.**

WE HAVE COMBINED

The drawing qualities of extremely low prices for extremely High Grade Goods. We welcome the shrewd, careful and discriminating shopper, who can judge Quality, Style and Price to inspect our stock then make a comparison of prices—Grade for Grade—with what is shown elsewhere.

J. M. SLOAN,

6 Main Street, BRADFORD, PA.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

TERMS:—$1.00 per year, [illegible] strictly in advance, [illegible] per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of [illegible] per inch per [illegible], payable monthly. [illegible] Extra charge [illegible] single [illegible] section.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, ten cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $1.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Announcements.

COUNTY COMMISSIONER.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for the office of County Commissioner of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Democratic party.

W. P. WALSH.

Smethport, Pa., Feb. 20, 1902.

CONGRESS.

EDITOR MINER:—Kindly announce that I am a candidate for Representative in Congress for the Twenty-First Congressional district, subject to the rules of the Republican party.

S. R. DRESSER.

Bradford, Feb. [illegible], 1902.

Smethport, Thursday, July 31, 1902.

FOR GOVERNOR,
SAMUEL W. PENNYPACKER.

FOR LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR,
WM. P. BROWN.

FOR SECRETARY OF INTERNAL AFFAIRS,
MAJOR I. B. BROWN.

FOR CONGRESS,
S. R. DRESSER.

Subject to [illegible] district [illegible]

FOR MEMBERS OF ASSEMBLY,
JOHN W. CAMPBELL,
E. M. McELROY.

FOR SHERIFF,
CHARLES E. MAYS.

FOR PROTHONOTARY,
SAMUEL E. BELL.

FOR RECORDER,
H. M. CHOATE.

FOR REGISTER,
JOHN E. EASTMAN.

FOR CLERK OF COURTS,
WM. H. MORRISON.

FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY,
JOHN P. MELVIN.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
GEORGE GRIFFITHS,
JOHN A. PETERSON.

FOR COUNTY AUDITORS,
B. G. BARTLE,
OSCAR ENGSTROM.

LORD WOLSELEY, the great British military expert says "I always quote the American army as being the best in the world."

CONGRESS [illegible] for tariff reform, or rather free trade, and Bryan is for free silver—16 to 1. Which kind of [illegible] do you want.

HON. J. K. P. HALL of Elk county has been nominated on the Democratic ticket for State Senator from that district. This removes all chances of his becoming the Democratic candidate for Congress in this district.

COLONEL BRYAN is still trying to look at national prosperity through thick blue glasses. But for so manifestly flourishing a publisher and a farmer as he describes himself it must be a constant effort to keep the color of the glasses always at the proper depth of blue.—New York Tribune.

THE report is current that Governor Stone is laying his plans to return to Congress from his old Allegheny City district after his retirement as Governor. Since Mr. Stone became Governor of Pennsylvania that district has been represented by his business partner, William H. Graham.

JUDGE PENNYPACKER has resigned his seat on the bench and is now making preparations to enter into active campaign work for his election as Governor of the State of Pennsylvania. It has not been decided when the campaign in this section will open, but it will be not later than the 1st of September.

AT the Republican primary election held at Camden, N. J., last Monday afternoon and evening a fierce fight was started in which one man was killed, three dangerously wounded and several others slightly injured. John Morrissey was shot and instantly killed. Joseph J. Goddard, a once noted pugilist, was one of those seriously injured. He was shot in the head by a policeman and it is thought he will die.

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, July 28, 1902.

That the United States will have cable communication with Hawaii by the first of January, 1903, and with the Philippine Islands, and presumably with Guam by two years later is regarded as practically certain by Government officials in Washington. The sudden death of Mr. John W. Mackay caused, for a time, some uncertainty as to the future of the Commercial Pacific Cable Company, but the vice president of that company has been in Washington this week and has assured Attorney General Knox that the death of its president would in no way interfere with the execution of the plans of the company. So satisfied is the Attorney General with the representations made by vice president Ward that he will leave to-day or to-morrow for Oyster Bay where he expects to secure the President's approval of his intention to officially sanction the operations of the Commercial Cable Company and probably his consent to turn over to that company the cable survey made some time ago by the United States naval vessel.

The guarantees which have been exacted from the Commercial Pacific Cable Company by the Attorney General are the occasion of much satisfaction to the administration as they appear to insure liberal treatment of the government and of commercial interests, while they do not bind the government in any way. By their provisions, the company is bound to charge not to exceed 50 cents per word between Honolulu and San Francisco and to reduce that rate to 35 cents per word after the cable has been in operation for two years, and to charge not to exceed $1 per word between Manila and China and the United States and to charge the government for official business but half of these rates. Numerous other guarantees are furnished, all making for just treatment of governmental and commercial patrons. The only objection to the plan of the company lies in its presumable recognition of the claims of a Spanish company which contends that, by virtue of an ante-bellum grant, it possesses a monopoly in the Philippines which will entitle it to charge a royalty on all messages sent there. It is further feared that the Commercial Company intends to recognize, in a similar manner, the monopoly granted to a European company by the Chinese government, which monopoly is regarded as a violation of the treaty rights of the United States.

Considerable entertainment and amusement has been furnished to politicians in Washington by the so-called "harmony dinner" held recently by the Democrats at Nantasket. "The beauty of the Tilden Club and the Nantasket 'harmony dinner,'" said a prominent Republican yesterday, "is the entire absence of harmony which has prevailed on each occasion. Mr. Cleveland has gravely urged a harmony which included the entire elimination of Mr. Bryan from the councils of the party and Mr. Bryan assures his fellow Democrats that Mr. Cleveland is a traitor, to listen to whom is treason. Senator Carmack assures the Democrats that the Philippine question is 'the paramount issue' and Mr. Shepard confidently states that the tariff issue is 'irrevocably at the front.' Mr. Bryan rather cautiously dodges committing himself to any issue and at the same time adroitly leaves open a loop-hole by which to introduce his free silver folly whenever, in his judgment, the people desire a change. Only recently, Mr. Vilas has emerged from his obscurity and announced that the old fashioned Cleveland Democracy, which had for its cardinal principle, tariff revision, is the brand to conquer with and Senator Teller writhes at any mention of a lowering of the tariff duties while Senator Gorman who is slated as Democratic leader in the next Senate, will staunchly support the Senator from Colorado. In a word, Democratic harmony is the same old delusion it was when Mr. Cleveland was defeated and that it was when, after numerous unsuccessful caucuses, the Democrats in the Fifty-Seventh Congress were compelled to abandon all idea of a congressional platform on which all could unite."

The utmost interest is expressed in Washington concerning the outcome of the Iowa convention which comes off this week. Republican leaders liken the situation to that in Wisconsin, where the governor, although a Republican, was at variance with the representatives of his party in Congress. There is one great difference in the situation, however, in that, whereas the questions at issue between Governor La Follette of Wisconsin and the state delegation were of a local character, those, or rather the one question, between Governor Cummings of Iowa and the Iowa congressional delegation concerns national policy. Governor Cummings is committed to tariff revision, by Republicans, it should be remembered, and along the lines of protection, but revision. Senators Allison and Dolliver, Speaker Henderson and other Iowa Congressmen, even if they are not opposed to revision, do not beleive the time is ripe for the introduction of the issue into a campaign. Secretary Shaw stands with the Iowa delegation while the President is inclined to espouse Governor Cummings' side of the argument. Mr. Roosevelt believes that, by his anouncement of his intention to secure regulation of the trusts, he has left the Democrats almost without an issue and he argues that, if the Republicans of the country will announce their position as favoring tariff revision along protective and business lines, the Democrats will be left without a single claim on which to base their appeal for support. It is freely admitted that whatever the action of the Iowa convention may be it will have a decided effect on the policy of the party. Iowa Republicans are too staunch to permit of any serious friction in their ranks and the opinion prevails here that if the convention stands for a modified revision of the tariff, the party generally will abide by the decision.

Considerable anxiety is expressed at the State Department in regard to the case of one Captain Rosehill who claims, by right of priority of discovery, that he is the proprietor of a guano island in the Pacific, known as Marcus Island and situated 800 miles east of Yokohama. Some citizen or citizens of Japan claim the island on the same ground and, while Captain Rosehill has left this country post haste to take possession of the island, the Japanese government has learned of his intention and has dispatched a war ship to protect the alleged rights of her citizens. The State Department affirms its confidence that a peaceful and equitable solution of the question can be arrived at provided the Captain is not too precipitate in pressing his claim, but should he attempt to try conclusions with the warship, there is little doubt that he would emerge from the engagement a loser and it is possible that the United States might find the relations between itself and Japan severely strained in an effort to secure adequate damages for the destruction of an American ship and an American captain.

Cheap Excursions.

The Nickel Plate road is selling very low-rate one way and round trip tickets to points in Colorado, Utah, South Dakota, Minnesota, Wisconsin, etc. Three splendid fast through trains each way daily, finest coaches, Pullmans and tourist cars. Individual club meals 35c to $1.00, also meals a la carte. See nearest agent, or write R. E. Payne, General Agent, 291 Main St., Buffalo N. Y., or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A., Holland, N. Y.

One of the Many Dainty Shoes.

New this season and shown in our stock is the John Kelley. It's an Oxford and a very pretty one in detail. Looks well on any foot.

Comes in Kid and Patent Kid.

Price, $3.00 and $3.50.

Ladies will have no trouble in finding here shoes that fit perfectly. We study the feet and carry such a large number of styles and sizes that it is easy matter to put the feet into comfortable shoes.

Anderson & Carlson
SMETHPORT PA.

You will find us in New Quarters two doors west of Post Office.

If you want any plumbing, steam or gas fitting or supplies for same come and see us.

EDGAR W. STRONG,
BOTH 'PHONES. RUBIN BLOCK Smethport.

Latest Styles in
Millinery

Carrie Reilly Clark & Co's,
REILLY BLOCK, SMETHPORT.

Do not fail to call and inspect our complete line of

Spring & Summer Millinery

at your earliest convenience. All the latest and most becoming styles and shapes are here.

RACKET BARGAINS.

FOR THE MONTH OF AUGUST.

We will offer U tubular lantern globes at 5c each. They R No. 1 goods, ground top and bottom, fitting any tubular lantern. U usually pay 10c for same.

9½ inch Bread plate 15c each. Transparent china scalloped gilt edge with fancy embossed and gilt decorated flange, beautiful colored floral spray and decorated centers in variegated colors.

Regular 25c Tromonia Harmonica goes at 15c each. Trumpet shape with open bell end giving tremulous sounding and echoing tone.

Best white fruit jar rings, the kind U pay 10c doz for, while they last tha go at 3c doz. These R new, fresh goods.

A big bargain—Regular 25c bottle of sewing machine oil goes at 5c while the two doz lasts. This oil is guaranteed equal 2 any on the market. These are full ½ pint bottles.

Sterling Silver Rings, 925 fine, sizes 5½ to 1½, sets ass'd—amethyst, turquoise, ruby and opal. These are regular 25c rings, we offer them while they last for 15c each.

During August we offer U a handmade 33 tempered steel spring, tufted, $20.00 couch for $13.00; also a $15.00 couch for $11.00; a $12.00 handmade couch fully warranted for $9.00. These R made by Shearman Bros.

We offer U the largest line of plain white, English made dishes as cheap as the American makes are sold at. 6 Teups and saucers for 60c; Coffees at 72c; plates at 7c, 8c and 9c each.

We have the largest and finest line of fancy dishes, bisk and china novelties ever shown in Smethport.

All the above goods we offer U R first-class but our profit is small. Cash is what makes these low prices possible.

A. E. STICKLES,
CUT PRICE BARGAIN HOUSE. July 29.

ICE CREAM.

Ice Cream furnished in bulk from one quart up by the Pleasant Valley Dairy. We furnish Alfred Hagberg, Peterson Bros., McCoy's Drug Store and T. J. Young. Orders left with Alfred Hagberg or the milk wagon will be promptly filled.

The people of Smethport and vicinity are invited to call and inspect our dairy at any time.

Pleasant Valley Dairy.

Brasted's Delicious Candies

For the Summer Trade.

Rochester Business Institute

Qualifies a man to go into business for himself; qualifies young men and women to accept and helps them secure BUSINESS POSITIONS that lead to BUSINESS SUCCESS. Commercial and Shorthand courses. Several positions waiting for every competent young man stenographer. Inquiries solicited. Catalogue sent free.
144 SOUTH AVENUE, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

INTERESTED MEN

Will be pleased to learn that we have lots of comfort in store for them.

A FLANNEL or SERGE SUIT and NEGLIGEE SHIRT and STRAW HAT make a good combination for this season.

We have extensive lines of these goods—coats and trousers—single or in suits. Straw Hats, Outing Caps, Negligee Shirts in ever so many patterns, Belts, Hose, etc. etc. Every comfortable thing for the season's wear. Not a bright idea escapes us—we are sure to have it, at a pleasing price.

H. W. RUBIN & CO.,
THE TERHUNE UNION MADE SHOE.
MERCHANT TAILORS, CLOTHIERS & FURNISHERS.

D. C. YOUNG

New lot of silk umbrellas, for ladies and gents, just received at store of D. C. Young. Handsome assortment of handles, quality good, and prices much lower than usual.

Also new lot of men's dress shirts, which I am selling for 50c, manufactured to sell for 75c each.

Last consignment of shirt waists and summer dresses just in. Call and look over same before it is too late, as they are selling rapidly.

On summer dress goods I have reduced the prices. Nice line of lawns, dimities, etc., at 10c per yard; also printed challies at 5c per yard.

Stock of dry goods, boots, shoes and groceries complete. All goods sold for cash and for prices they cannot be beaten. Call and examine stock and satisfy yourself.

D. C. YOUNG,
SMETHPORT, PA., June 17, 1902.

Spring Styles
FOR MEN AND BOYS

The Spring Season of Nineteen Hundred and Two finds us elegantly equipped in Styles, Workmanship and Material for the demands of our Patrons and we are ready for your Spring and Summer Orders at once

Satisfactory Work Guaranteed

You should visit our establishment look over the samples and styles and make your selection now. While they are not necessarily "loud" our clothes "speak for themselves."

Shillenn & Torrence,
The Leading Tailors,
Chadwick Block. Smethport.

Smethport Plumbing Co.

Having bought out the plumbing establishment of Thos. H. Clark, we are now ready to do any and all kinds of plumbing and gas fitting promptly and at reasonable rates. None but first-class plumbers employed.

Smethport Plumbing Co.
W. S. Palmer, Manager. SMETHPORT, PA.

Hot Weather Wearables

Summer Suitings in Serges, Flannels, Homespuns and Wool Crashes, priced from

$5.00 to $14.00.

These garments are tailored in first class style and we guarantee a perfect fit. We have not overlooked the boys or children this summer. We have Flannel Suits, Wash Suits, Linen Pants, cool waists, Shirts and Blouses for the little folks, at very moderate prices.

Also a complete assortment of

Straw Hats, Belts, Underwear.

IKE SIMONS
46-48 Main St. BRADFORD, Pa. The Big Double Clothing Store.
Full Line of Negligee Shirts Now Open.

F. G. Lindholm & Co. F. G. Lindholm & Co.

Special Sale of Summer Goods.

This week we place on sale at prices still further reduced, all that remains from our July Clearing Sale. Space permits us to mention only a few.

SHIRT WAISTS.

[illegible] to $1.00 Colored Waists at 39cts.
[illegible] to $2.00 White Waists at $1.00
[illegible] to $2.50 White Waists at $1.50
[illegible] to $2.75 Black Waists at $1.48

WASH GOODS BARGAINS.

400 yards, regular 10c, Figured and Striped Batiste, all fast colors, now 6c
273 yards, regular 15c, Dotted Swiss Muslin, all colors, now 8c
320 yards, regular 35c, Embroidered Satin Stripe Suisse, white and colors, now 18c

A few Hammocks left; will go at 25 per cent. reduction.

F. G. Lindholm & Co.

We have in stock the best thing on the market in the way of

Hot Water Heaters

to be placed on the side of a Hot Water Tank. The water is drawn from the bottom of the tank, heated in the coil and put in the TOP of the tank from whence the water is drawn for use. The water in the bottom of the boiler may be cold when there will be plenty of hot water in the top for all ordinary uses. We guarantee that this heater will heat the water with less gas than any other on the market. Call and see one in use in the barber shop of Mr. A. Sturdvient. The price of one of these heaters complete is $3.00. Why pay $10.00 for one that will not do the work so satisfactorily.

Redfield's Hardware,

McKean County Miner

Entered at the post office at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, July 31, 1902.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—J. Colegrove has a new and interesting ad to-day.

—Holmes & Gilfillan have a new ad this week. Read it.

—Company C of Bradford killed a cow while engaged in rifle practice yesterday.

—Wm. Picard, a former resident of Smethport, is now dealing in horses at Morgantown, W. Va.

—Frank Eller, a 12-year-old boy residing on Mill street, is suffering with an attack of typhoid fever.

—B. D. Ives has accepted a position as salesman for the Schwartzenbach Brewing Co. of Germania, Pa.

—A very pleasant dancing party was given at the hose house Monday evening by a number of young people.

—Interesting services were conducted at the Swedish Mission church the first of the week. A number of out of town ministers were in attendance.

—One woman and two men were killed at Pittsburg Monday night during a fierce electric storm which also did considerable damage to property.

—Mike Welsh and N. M. Harrington have purchased the Model Restaurant from Alfred Hagberg and will take possession of the same Monday next.

—Your attention is directed to the change of advertisement of Redfield's Hardware. There is always something to your advantage to be learned by that ad.

—The chief of police of Austin has been dismissed from service by the borough council on account of his alleged habit of wife beating.—Kane Republican.

—DuBois is to have a new morning paper. The Falls Creek Herald plant will be moved to DuBois and Mr. Bangert will commence the publication of a daily newspaper.

—A. E. Stickles of the Cut Price Bargain store at East Smethport has a new advertisement this week in which he quotes a number of wonderful bargains. You cannot afford to miss reading it.

—The Ormsby Gas company, to operate in Keating and Lafayette townships of this county, has been organized by the Hiltons and a charter will shortly be applied for from the state.—Bradford Star.

—Bradford amateurs presented the opera, "Erminie," in that city last night for the benefit of the Bradford hospital. The opera will also be sung to-night and to-morrow night. The scenery used in the production was painted by Paul Nordstrum, the Bradford artist.

—A new rig has been erected on the M. C. Stickles farm in Keating township and drilling will soon be commenced in search of oil or gas. Robt. Hilton of Smethport has leased this territory and will give it a thorough test.

—Administration of The Lord's Supper, Baptism and Reception of members at the Methodist church next Sunday morning. The church on the Boardwalk, Atlantic City, suggests some thoughts for the evening hour.

—Landlord W. V. Provin of the Commercial House was exhibiting a brook trout Monday evening that was 13 inches in length. He caught twelve trout on that day and aside from the one mentioned, four of them were over 10 inches in length. The catch nearly filled an 8-pound basket.

—The condition of Mrs. Grace Cowles, who was shot in the breast by her husband at Instanter, continues favorable at the Bradford hospital, and it is believed by the attending physicians that she will ultimately recover, providing they are successful in preventing inflammation from setting in.—Era.

—Isaac Sprinkle, a native of Virginia, died at the McKean County Home Saturday last. The man was working at Wellendorf until his condition demanded medical treatment and he was removed to the Home. Funeral services were held at the grave by Rev. P. S. Calvin, which were attended by a number of colored residents of Smethport.

—Will Fuller and Zeke McCabe went to Salamanca Monday and played with the ball team of that place against Tidioute. Fuller pitched the game and McCabe played third base. Twelve innings were necessary to decide the contest which was won by Tidioute. Score 10 to 4. Just what kind of a cyclone struck the Salamanca team in the last inning has not been learned.

—Two Smethport ladies started for Bradford one day last week and while on their way to Ormsby they became so deeply interested in conversation that they forgot to change cars and before they realized it were on the way home. They took the next train to Bradford and tried to hide the joke from their husbands, but the latter caught onto it. Therefore this notice.

—At midnight, Sunday, a most distressing drowning accident occurred in Chautauqua lake, at Celeron. Garfield Wheelhouse and Miss Alice Anderson were riding in a naptha launch, when Miss Anderson becoming frightened at the approach of a steamer, leaped to her feet and overturned the boat. Wheelhouse tried to save her, but the task was more than he could accomplish single-handed and Capt. Albert Johnson of the steamer jumped overboard to his assistance. He saved the woman, but Wheelhouse having become exhausted sank and was drowned. The body was afterward recovered.

—At St. Luke's church on next Sunday the services will be at 10 and 10:30 a. m. and at 8 p. m. The united offering for general missions will be taken at the morning service. At the evening service the choir will sing Mendelssohn's "Hear My Prayer." Psalm 55, verses 1-8. On Wednesday, Aug. 6th, the Feast of the Transfiguration, there will be the celebration of the Holy Eucharist at 10:30 a. m.

Mabel McElhany, a 16-year-old girl, who formerly lived in Bradford was arrested in Wheeling, W. Va., Monday, where for four months she had worn male attire and worked side by side with men in half a dozen establishments. The disclosure of her sex was due to the fact that she refused to go in swimming with a party of young men with whom she was employed. Mrs. S. O. Boyce, wife of a prominent attorney of that city, now has the girl in charge.

—Burgess E. L. Ryan of Kane, accompanied by his wife, came to Smethport the first of the week to visit his parents, Supt. and Mrs. T. H. Ryan at the McKean County Home. Sunday afternoon "Ned" was taken violently ill, and as his condition showed no improvement Monday, he was operated upon for appendicitis by Dr. Benninghoff of Bradford, assisted by Drs. Brown and McCoy. The operation was successful and Mr. Ryan is resting easily, with conditions favorable for rapid recovery.

—The organ recital to be given at St. Luke's church on Tuesday evening, Aug. 5th, at 8 o'clock by Prof. J. Prower Symons, head of the Conservatory of Music at Thiel College, Greenville, Pa. Prof. Symons has taken high rank among the professional organists of the country, and received first honors in May last at the examinations for the Mus. Bach. degree at Trinity College, Toronto. The offering at the recital will be for the mission at Kane under the charge of Rev. W. Fred Allen.

—Robert Pallatt will again try his fortunes in the Klondike regions and started on his long journey to-day. Several years ago Mr. Pallatt in company with Dr. Robt. Hamilton worked some months in the northern gold fields and while there secured the title to a claim that is within 1,000 yards of rich producing territory. In fact, the largest nugget yet found in the Klondike regions was recently brought to light within that distance of his claim. "Bob's" many friends in Smethport and vicinity will be sorry to lose him, even for a short time, but all unite in wishing him the best of luck in his search for the precious metal.

PERSONAL MENTION.

T. H. Morrison visited Bradford friends this week.

Clement C. Boyd passed Sunday last in Bradford.

Sheriff W. B. Clarke was a Kane visitor Monday.

W. H. Morrison visited Bradford the first of the week.

Hon. Henry Hamlin was a Bradford visitor Saturday.

Judge T. A. Morrison visited Kane the first of the week.

S. E. Bell visited Kane Monday and purchased a driving horse.

F. L. Holmes was transacting business in Potter county last week.

J. E. Mundy passed Sunday last with his mother at Port Allegany.

Howard E. Merrill of Geneva, N. Y., passed Sunday in Smethport.

Dan Bacon returned Monday from a week's visit in New York city.

Miss Theresa Holleran has returned from a visit in Angelica, N. Y.

Mrs. Chas. Bosworth of Brooklyn, N. Y., is visiting relatives in town.

Miss De Farra Heath of Cleveland is visiting her uncle, E. E. Heath.

S. F. Redfield and E. T. Newman visited Bradford and Rock City Sunday.

William G. Shoemaker returned to his duties in Buffalo, N. Y., Saturday.

Mrs. John Klein and little daughter are visiting relatives in Buffalo, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel McCaig of Olean were in town this week visiting friends.

Mr. and Mrs. P. D. Hopkins of Kane were guests of friends in town this week.

Miss Nina Shallies of Sandusky, N. Y., is visiting Mrs. E. G. Carter this week.

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Coleman of Port Allegany visited relatives in Smethport this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Porter have returned from a sojourn in New York and Atlantic City.

Mrs. B. L. Knapp visited her daughter, Mrs. E. V. Lewis, in Rochester, N. Y., this week.

Mrs. M. Bisett and son, Merril, returned from a week's outing at Lakewood Tuesday.

B. C. Ryan of Kane was in town this week, called here by the illness of his brother, E. L. Ryan.

Mrs. Harry Camp and Miss Edna Haffner were guests of Bradford friends Monday and Tuesday.

Mrs. N. H. Knapp and daughters, Fay and Marguerite, are guests of Bradford relatives this week.

John Klein and A. M. Thamm of the Redfield Press leave for Buffalo, N. Y., to-morrow for a few days' visit.

Miss Alice Fuller and Miss Adda Fuller of Orleans county, N. Y., are guests of Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Freeman.

Rev. J. L. Turner of the Swedish Mission church, Port Allegany, was among the ministers in town this week.

Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Hunter and daughter, Ruth, returned Friday from a two weeks' visit with friends in New Castle.

Harry K. Henderson is visiting relatives and friends in Warren.

Mrs. Howard E. Merrill of Geneva, N. Y., is visiting her parents, Hon. and Mrs. Henry Hamlin in town this week.

E. R. Baker and G. B. Mayo hied themselves to the tall timber of Potter county this week in pursuit of the wily brook trout.

Miss Mayte Connolly, who has been visiting Miss Alice Burns at Kane, returned to her home in Smethport Tuesday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Morgan Scudder of Jamestown, N. Y., were in town Monday en route to Johnstown, Pa., on a business mission.

Wm. Baker of the Democrat office returned Friday last from a week's visit in Olean, where he was called by the dangerous illness of a relative.

Miss Ruth Walker returned to her home in Bradford Saturday. She was accompanied by Miss Ruth Forrest of this place, who will be her guest this week.

Mrs. W. E. Wilson and son of Pittsburg, Pa., and Mrs. D. L. Haven and children of Keating township were callers on Mrs. J. C. Gallup on Wednesday of this week.

Miss Mae Arnold of Brooklyn, N. Y., and Miss Adda Wagner of Bradford, who were guests of the Misses Rubin for several days last week, returned to their homes Saturday.

Among the recent guests at the home of Luther Eastman and wife of Myrtle were Attorney J. W. Bouton and family and J. E. Eastman and family of Smethport.—Oswayo Valley Mail.

Commissioner T. F. Hunkiville, James McKean and E. T. Daly attended the institution exercises of a lodge of the Knights of Columbus at Austin Friday last. The gentlemen speak in terms of praise of the royal treatment accorded them during their stay in the lumber city.

Miles Allen, who is superintending the construction of a glass plant at Morgantown, W. Va., was in town Friday en route to his home in Port Allegany for a few days' visit. He says that the factory, which is being erected by a company composed mainly of McKean county citizens, will be completed in about a month, but that he will remain in that place for a year, overseeing the construction of dwelling houses and other buildings for the company by which he is employed.

Miss Anna Dwyer, who has been at the Hotel Imperial at Smethport for the past several months, resigned her position last week and came home for an extended visit. * * Pierce White and Mesdames Clare, White, O. R. McInaffey, J. E. Chandler, Moses, Calver and several others left this morning for Smethport where they will institute a degree of Pocahontas auxiliary to the I. O. R. M. * * H. G. Eddy came over from Smethport last Friday and remained over Sunday with relatives and friends. Mr. Eddy is in very poor health and yet he retains a good [illegible] of the county seat.—Port Allegany Argus.

Charles Lendler's fly nets and lap dusters are the best in town for the prices asked.

Farmers who use [illegible] milk their cows in comfort. Holmes & Gilfillan.

2 Per Cent. on Checking Accounts

and 4 per cent. on Savings Deposits at Pittsburg Trust Company. Interest compounded semi-annually. Capital, surplus and profits exceeding $6,000,000, and deposits over $10,000,000. Do all your banking by mail. Send postal for two hundred year calendar free. 323 Fourth Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.

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has the greatest success because he has the best implements to work with. Plows are the most important of any tool: the best plow to-day and the easiest for man and beast is the new "LeRoy Plow." The large variety of styles adapt them to all the conditions of soil. You can find just the plow for your needs and every plow is guaranteed as represented. We are not in a "Trust" or "Combine." Call for catalogue and full particulars at Palmer & Dodge's Livery, Smethport, Pa.

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Finest and Medium Grade Millinery.

At prices far below the high rent district. Also we do French Accordian Plaiting 1 to 48 inches, Guaranteed equal to New York City Work. Mail and Express Orders Returned Promptly.

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$$

meals is what the average housewife prepares in one year.

Quite a task to think up something different for each meal. I can help you.

Call on us, my clerks are at your service to show you through our stock of good things for the table.

Attention is called to our

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18, 20, 25, 35 and 40c.

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SMETHPORT, PA.

FRY & HERZOG

DRY GOODS—CARPETS—MEN'S FURNISHINGS.
CARPETS MADE FREE.

PARASOL BARGAINS.

The weather this summer has been very unfavorable for the sale of fancy parasols. We bought for fair weather, and consequently still have some very choice articles to dispose of. We are determined to sell them right now, weather notwithstanding.

The following big price cuts will do the work. This is what we have and the way they will be sold. Read on:

1	Parasol,	Regular Price	$1.25,	now $ [illegible]
1	"	"	$1.75,	" $1.10
2	"	"	$2.00,	" $1.25
3	"	"	$2.50,	" $1.50
2	"	"	$2.75,	" $1.75
5	"	"	$3.00,	" $2.00
1	"	"	$3.50,	" $2.50
1	"	"	$4.00,	" $3.00
3	"	"	$4.25,	" $3.00

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Our line of ALL COPPER NICKEL-plated and Silver-lined Ware.

Many new and pleasing patterns.

Tea Kettles, Tea and Coffee Pots, Pitchers.
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All beautiful and the most durable ware.
See and appreciate it.

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SIDNEY H. BROUGHAM, Prop.

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Bicycles and Sundries of all kinds. Repairing done and work guaranteed. Wheels to rent by day or hour. Those wishing wheels for Sunday will please speak for them on Saturday.

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DRY GOODS, NOTIONS,
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HATS, CAPS, BOOTS and SHOES.
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are the best. They wear the best because they are perfectly mixed from lead and oil.

I have a large stock in all colors and shades and white and black.

This paint is always ready for use. Call and get prices.

H. C. WELLS.

KODAKS AND KODAK SUPPLIES.

We are agents for Eastman's Kodaks in this section. Our prices are as low as anywhere.

McCoy's Drug Store,

SMETHPORT, PA. NEXT DOOR TO POSTOFFICE.

JACKSON'S NEW ENEMY

A FORTIETH ANNIVERSARY WAR STORY

August 9-16, 1862

(Copyright, 1902, by G. L. Kilmer.)

WHILE the armies under McClellan and Lee stood scowling at each other on the banks of the James river below Richmond in July, 1862, a new Federal army took the field in front of Washington. This was the command of General John Pope.

Pope's soldiers had seen service. They were encamped at Manassas, Fredericksburg and in the Shenandoah valley. Their old leaders Banks, McDowell and Sigel led them on the march across the Rappahannock, a move which threatened Richmond. Lee watched the gathering of this new force with anxiety. It could endanger Richmond by descending upon it from the unguarded north side, while the Federal army on the bank of the James river south of the Confederate capital marched forward along a secure water route, supported by gunboats, to support the attack.

On July 13 Stonewall Jackson was sent from the James river to Gordonsville, in the pathway of Pope's possible route of march on Richmond. By heading for Gordonsville Jackson appeared to be going back to his old stamping ground, the Shenandoah valley. But Lee sent him there purposely to hold back Pope's advance. Lee promised Stonewall help in case he found the new enemy too strong for the two divisions he carried with him.

Upon reaching his destination and making the ground over Jackson reported to Lee that Pope was too strong for him, and the division of A. P. Hill marched north just in time to [illegible] the battle of Cedar Mountain on the 9th of August. Jackson [illegible] to [illegible] his enemy's [illegible]. That is [illegible] was outnumbered him [illegible] to strike great strength. His old antagonist of the Shenandoah valley, General Banks, drew him into the fight at Cedar mountain.

Jackson's favorite method of striking a detachment of the enemy, often carried through with success, was well known in the opposing lines, but he counted upon celerity to surprise Banks in his camp at Culpeper. In this instance the cavalry scouts in front of Banks discovered Jackson's move, and Banks marched forward from Culpeper eight miles to the base of Cedar mountain. He marshaled 8,000 men for battle at noon the 9th of August, and Jackson had 20,000 on the slopes of the mountain or within call.

Jackson opened the battle with his artillery, which was elevated above the plain. The Federal guns were no match for the southern batteries and finally gave up the contest. Seeing his advantage, Jackson sent forward two brigades from his right. At the same time two of Banks' brigades advanced on the Federal left, and the fight began in earnest on a broad plateau. A timely charge by a third Federal brigade from Banks' right turned the battle for a moment against Jackson.

JACKSON'S WELCOME ON THE BATTLEFIELD.

This fresh brigade, led by General S. W. Crawford, swept the Confederates back across the open plateau into the woods at the base of the mountain. In spite of the failure of his artillery Banks had the best of the fight as waged by the infantry. Jackson's guns were masked by the advance of their own infantry, and the struggle lay between bullets and bayonets.

The weak point of the Federals at Cedar mountain was the right flank. Jackson from the hillside could see the whole field. His troops were screened by the woods, and a road led along his whole line around Banks' right, where the thicket was dense and favorable for a surprise. To that flank Jackson rode just as Crawford's brigade made its brave rush up to his very lines in the center. General G. H. Gordon's Federal brigade dashed forward to the support of Crawford, but was broken up in the thicket, and the whole line came to a halt.

Meanwhile Jackson's brigades on the right took up the fight anew against the left of Banks. Two fresh brigades charged down the slopes upon the plateau, and the advance of Banks in that quarter was effectually repulsed. On Banks' extreme right flank the cavalry brigade led by the gallant General Bayard, who all along had discovered and anticipated Jackson's maneuvers, stood in saddle on the edge of the thicket where it was too heavy for horsemen to fight with advantage. Bayard's fresh sabers would have helped hold the ground won by Crawford and Gordon but for the sudden and irresistible energy of Stonewall.

Jackson saw that even the holding of Banks at bay on his right flank would not save the day unless Crawford, Gordon and Bayard could be stopped on his left. The dash of the Federals in that quarter had surprised him, and, moreover, the leader of his own "Stonewall brigade" of Virginians, General C. S. Winder, had fallen with a mortal wound. Dismayed by the loss of their favorite commander and overrun with enemies in front, the Virginians, as one of their own generals described it in his official report, were "utterly routed and fled as fast as they could run."

Fortunately the division of A. P. Hill, sent by Lee to join Jackson at Gordonsville, had halted near the battlefield and was called into the fight at the moment of peril. One of Hill's brigades had helped give the finishing blow to Banks' left, and Jackson, in person saving his own left from threatened destruction, summoned to his side the brigade of General Branch, which had not yet fired a shot.

Branch said that Jackson told him his left was beaten and broken and the enemy turning that flank. Branch's line was already formed and waiting for orders. He instantly gave the command "Forward!" and the column plunged forward through the woods at the base of the mountain in the direction of the scene where Gordon and Crawford had charged. Before the line had advanced a hundred yards, Branch says, it met the "Stonewall brigade" retreating and pursued by the men of Crawford and Gordon. Branch's men opened fire, steadily advancing, and drove the Federals back out of the woods into the open field of the plateau, which extended along the whole battle front.

Upon reaching the plateau Branch got a view of the whole Federal army and, finding a good position, halted his line and opened fire upon everything within range. This was the crisis on Banks' right. Crawford could barely hold his own before Branch threw his fresh troops into the fight. His brigade had already charged alone, far in advance of its supports, driving the Confederates through and beyond the woods. More than half of his men had fallen, all the field officers had been shot down or captured, and the supports looked for on the left of the fighting line had not come up. Against these broken ranks, cut by the fearful fire, Branch had hurled his reserves. Crawford drew back, leaving Gordon's line at the mercy of the enemy and far at the front. Bayard divided his troopers into two columns the better to get over the rough ground and twice rode at Branch's line with drawn sabers.

But Bayard's squadrons could not make an unbroken front against Branch's indomitable line and rode back without shaking the fierce hold of the enemy upon the north end of the plateau. Bayard's vain effort warned Gordon that he was left to his fate, and he withdrew, leaving the field to Branch. At that moment Stonewall Jackson rode up to Branch. It was in the dusk of evening, but the soldiers recognized their chief and set up a terrific shout. Taking off his hat, Jackson rode along the line, which was without a break from one end to the other, thanking the brave fellows for their victory. He then led the pursuit of the retreating Federals to Cedar creek, behind which Banks drew all his force. When Banks recrossed Cedar creek after the battle, he found a fresh division at hand which had come up as supports, and Pope himself was on the scene. Pope and Banks were for fighting, but Jackson clung to the opinion he had long before expressed to Lee that the new Army of Virginia was too strong for him. He buried the dead and gathered his wounded under a flag of truce, then retreated behind the Rapidan, that convenient stream which so often shielded the contending armies.

Jackson captured one of Banks' division leaders and one brigadier, and one Federal brigadier was wounded. The losses in killed and wounded were equal, about 1,500 on each side, but Jackson captured about 600 of Crawford's and Gordon's soldiers.

Pope's plans were not disturbed by Jackson's attempt to throw him off the direct track to Richmond. He clung to the south side of the Rappahannock, and Lee was convinced that Jackson's estimate of the new enemy was correct. He promptly sent Longstreet to Gordonsville by rail, with his full army corps, and reached there in person Aug. 15. Stuart's cavalry also marched north, and on Aug. 16 Pope's outposts captured a dispatch from Lee to Stuart which revealed his plan to attack Pope with his whole army. Then Pope started on a retreat which didn't end until his army was within the fortifications of Washington.

GEORGE L. KILMER.

POWERFUL MECHANISM.

The Picking Up Machine Used in Grappling Ocean Cables.

A truly wonderful piece of mechanism is the "picking up" machine used in all grappling and cable hoisting operations. It is a powerful variety of the steam winch family, but also a most aristocratic and elaborate member, fitted with gear changing clutches, patent brakes and other ingenious appliances. To give some idea of its capabilities in dry figures it can at slow speed lift twenty-five tons at the rate of one mile an hour or at fast speed ten tons at the rate of four miles an hour. Moreover, it can be quickly altered and adapted to changing circumstances in speed or lifting weight.

All being made ready, the big grapnel, attached to 700 or 800 fathoms of chain and rope, is passed over the bow sheave, or pulley, and as soon as it reaches bottom the ship is sent slowly ahead. Back and forward across the path of the cable, as pointed out by the friendly marking buoys, we steam. Several times the grapnel catches something, only to lose its hold again, probably an inequality upon the bottom, although a boatswain's mate mumbles "mermaids' grottoes," but at last comes a steady strain. Every soul on board leans over the bow, watching the grimy grapnel rope come steadily up and over the well oiled pulley. At length the grapnel itself appears, holding tight on to the prize.—Lippincott's Magazine.

May Day Custom In Belgium.

The most honored month of the year in Belgium is the month of May, known as the Virgin's month and consecrated to the Virgin Mary. In the province of Liege young maidens have a quaint way of predicting their love affairs this month. A group of girls arrange to meet at sunrise and start to walk through the fields until they come to a hedge [illegible] New York [illegible]

The Old Way of Passing Bills.

A document recently found among the Duke of Rutland's papers at Belvoir castle throws a curious light upon the mode of getting private bills through the house of commons in the days of King Charles II. The case in hand was the divorce bill of John, Lord de Roos, an affair that caused a great deal of gossip in its day. One of his lordship's agents wrote in January, 1667: "On Wednesday last I got six and forty of the house of commons to the Dog tavern, in the palace yard at Westminster, where were present Mr. Attorney General and Mr. George Montagu. As soon as they had dined we carried them all to the house of commons, and they passed the bill as the committee without any amendments and ordered it to be reported the next day."

Shakes That Were Shakes.

Over on the eastern shore of Maryland there was a man who was suffering from a severe case of "shakes," as they call fever and ague in that country. One morning the local physician called on the patient and asked him how he felt.

"N-n-not a bit b-b-etter," was the shaking man's reply.

"Your case is a very peculiar one and hard to take hold of," remarked the doctor sympathetically.

"Yes, th-that's so," remarked the patient, trying to smile. "The c-case sh-sh-shakes so I don't w-wonder you c-c-can't get hold of it."—Washington Post.

Their Words Stuck.

When Mark Twain was in Egypt, he one day arranged with a friend to meet him at one of the pyramids. The latter engaged two old but experienced Arabs to guide him to the place. He afterward complained that, although he had some knowledge of their native language, he could not understand anything that his guides had said to him.

"You should have hired younger men," Mr. Clemens told him. "These toothless old fellows talk only gum Arabic."

Captured.

Mabel—I suppose you have heard of sister Lou's marriage. She's taken a flat in Kensington.

Miss Jellus—Yes, I heard she had a flat, but I didn't hear where she had taken him.—St. Louis Republic.

The Pleasanter Route to Ruin.

"Prosperity has ruined many a man."

"No doubt, but if I'm given any choice in the matter I'd rather be ruined by prosperity than by adversity. The process is more enjoyable."—Chicago Post.

Stationary.

"There's no progress about him."

"No? But he's still doing business at the old stand, isn't he?"

"Say, rather, he is doing business at the old stand-still." — Philadelphia Press.

His Title.

"If it were customary in this country to confer titles upon men who go in for literature, what would I be?" asked a conceited journalist of his senior.

"Baron of Ideas," was the terse reply.

"STAY-AT-HOME" GRAHAM

By DAVID LOWRY

Copyright, 1902, by David Lowry

Dan Graham was the most unhappy young man in Hamilton county. If the bald fact had been announced in as many words, nobody would have questioned the absolute correctness of the statement.

Dolly Worth had taken particular pains to manifest her indifference concerning Dan's welfare, his sighs, his likes or dislikes, his future. Nothing that affected Dan Graham could in the slightest manner concern Dolly Worth.

And everybody thought that they were engaged!

Finally, when speculation seemed to be exhausted, somebody conceived the idea that the reason why those two had parted was not so much of a mystery after all.

Inside of a week everybody knew that Dolly had discarded her lover because he was a "stay at home." When the Fairview guards marched away to fight in Cuba, among all the gentle ones, the beauties who waved their handkerchiefs after the swiftly receding train none was more prominent than Dolly Worth.

Although nobody could summon sufficient courage to inform Dan Graham that people referred to him as a "stay at home," he knew the truth as well as if it had been cried from every housetop. For a time his mother feared that he was in danger of the pressure that might prove lasting [illegible] But [illegible] Dan's [illegible] and a very [illegible]

The [illegible] until one day [illegible] between his daily [illegible] inform Dan that he at least did not find any fault with him for not going to the war. That was six or eight months after Dolly Worth had coolly parted from him in the most public thoroughfare in Fairview.

The next day a calamity overtook Fairview. The valley sank in waters gathered in a great storm. Its fields were swept; fresh shocked harvests were lost; the fences for miles crumpled into the rising waters like the fringe of a doll's dress in a blaze, leaving the valley desolate. The muddy waters pressed through crevices and crannies, filling every cellar in Fairview, then they rose to the first and second floors. A general hegira was inevitable. Furniture was pulled and hauled and lifted by main strength from floor to floor. Only such articles were left floating as might serve for provisions floating for the drowning rats.

Everybody was wet, dirty, scary and cold. Night was setting on rapidly when a motley crowd gathered around the immense fire the boys had kindled on the lot in front of the postoffice where the farmers hitched their horses when the flood was not.

Suddenly somebody mentioned old Gabe Somers.

Old Gabe was the oldest inhabitant of Fairview. One of Gabe's uncles was captured by the Indians and tortured to death on the island opposite the town. Gabe lived alone in a cabin isolated from his fellows, a rickety affair at best, so old that nobody was able to recall when it was erected.

"Has anybody seen old Gabe?"

The query was repeated. As men looked at each other there in the fast falling night a silence fell upon the crowd. The silence was ominous. Gabe's poor cabin would never survive the flood. Perhaps while they stood there it was crumbling down into the hungry water. Then the spirit which prompts all mankind to extend a helping hand found voice. There were shouts, suggestions, conflicting advice.

Suddenly one man ran toward Gabe's cabin. Those nearest him exclaimed; others inquired who it was. Soon the crowd knew Dan Graham was foremost in a mad race to the river's edge.

Dan was the swiftest skater, swimmer and runner in Fairview and the best dancer. Now he distanced all others so far that before they could approach him he had leaped into a skiff, pushed it out and was settling the oars into the rowlocks when the others came up to the river's edge.

Just a little beyond Dan they saw Gabe Somers' cabin. "If ever Gabe's cabin entered the strong current—" The men looking on tossed their hands in the air despairingly.

"He'll drown. Nothing could save him now."

"Yes, and Dan Graham'll drown too."

"If one of them floating trees hits the skiff"—

"Or a log hits it a biff"—

"Or some sunken sawyer bobs up—that's worst of all."

"And it'll be so dark he can't see just where he is."

"Maybe he'll swim out."

"Swim! Swim! Against that current?"

"It's next to suicide—that's what I say," said the postmaster, with a choking voice. He was related to Dan. He loved him as his own son.

"There's not another man in the county'd risk what Dan's risking," said the neighbor standing behind the postmaster; "no, nor in the state. And all for poor old Gabe."

A little knot of women had gathered near the river. One of these, overhearing such expressions, hastened back to her neighbors.

"It's Dan Graham trying to save old Gabe Somers. And they say he's sure to drown!"

A cold hand was laid upon the postmaster's. He turned around to confront Dolly Worth.

"Can't you help, can't you men do anything? Must he—must they both drown and you standing here looking on?"

"There's no boat handy. There's no time to do anything. Gabe's cabin's in the current now."

A supple figure shot away from the crowd, sped swiftly along the shore. Far down, near the breakwater, which jutted out a considerable distance into the river, lay some boats, skiffs that were regarded as worthless, small flats, waterlogged now, and planks with cleats nailed across them by the boys who used them when hunting ducks.

The swelling crowd on the shore had barely sufficient light now to discern Dan Graham pushing his skiff against Gabe's cabin. Some cried that they saw old Gabe; then darkness swallowed cabin and skiff. The fate of the rescuer and the man for whom he risked his life was in the hands of the Almighty.

If Dan succeeded, he might manage to head his skiff in above the breakwater. It was one chance in a thousand, one in a million. The people on the shore ran headlong toward the breakwater. With the darkness of night settling around him Dan Graham had gathered up his strength for the supreme effort.

Old Gabe's cabin was stricter than anybody could have credited. The framework held together apparently. The floor crumbled and dissolved away beneath his feet, but the sinews of age still enabled Gabe to grasp with a drowning man's clutch the frame of the window.

In vain Dan urged him to draw himself up and drop into the bow of the skiff. Afterward Gabe told how, seeing the old man either could not or would not loose his grasp on the window sill, Dan dropped his oars, reached forward and lifted old Gabe by main strength out of the window and deposited him in the bottom of the skiff.

At that moment a [illegible] struck the skiff. The [illegible] flung him into the river. He recovered his balance, however, and turned the boat's head shoreward.

And now it was a pull for life. The blackness of a cloudy night enveloped him. His sole guide was the light on the lot in front of the postoffice. And how could he gauge distance by that? He might be above, opposite or far below the breakwater. Was he half way out in the river? Everything depended upon his distance from the shore.

He felt as if every moment must be his last effort. His temples throbbed. His muscles, now so rigid, might relax any moment. Human endurance could not last much longer. Then a voice shouted his name:

"Dan! Dan!"

He dared not answer if he could. All his breath was required to make the breakwater.

"Hoo-oo-oo, Dan! This way. I'm here—Dolly!—Dan!"

A few more strokes, and he heard a laugh that made him shudder.

"Oh, thank God! thank God! I'm here, Dan. This way, Dan."

Then he knew he was above the breakwater. He looked around. He could barely discern Dolly in the darkness. Voices were heard on the shore.

"Catch the pole, Dan—quick!"

Another pull, then Dan reached out a hand and grasped the pole. As he grasped it a heavy log struck the skiff. The next moment he was in the water. Dolly shrieked. Dan put his left arm under old Gabe and struck out with his right, contending now with the hungry waters for old Gabe's life.

"Save yourself," said Gabe. But Dan compressed his lips and swam to Dolly's side. Dolly held her pole out until he had a firm grasp on it. With wonderful presence of mind he swam below the waterlogged flat Dolly had pushed out from the shore. Now others were near at hand, crying out to them to take heart: help was at hand.

When Dolly Worth stepped out of the flat, she was greeted with a cheer. Torches were flaming now; women were there, too—women with tears in their eyes—and big, rough men were there, whose eyes were moist as they grasped Dan Graham's hands. They were proud of the "stay at home."

A Kentucky Summer Outfit.

Many years ago Senator Blackburn of Kentucky was summoned to Washington in the middle of June to look after a small matter of patronage. His departure was so sudden and the prospect of his staying more than a day or two away from home so remote that he carried with him only a handbag. But business heaped up on him after his arrival at the capital, and he was obliged to telegraph back a request for a trunkful of summer clothing. His little daughter happened to be the only member of the family at home when his dispatch arrived, and, thinking it her duty to respond promptly, she packed a trunk and shipped it, first slipping a note inside, as follows:

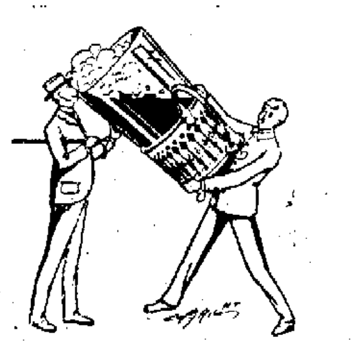
Dear Papa—I send you all the clothes I can find and hope you are well.

The trunk contained seven white shirts, six winter scarfs, one toothbrush, one bowie knife and two revolvers. It was a rueful outlook for Blackburn, with the thermometer up among the nineties, but he listened to no proffered condolences. "My daughter has done right," he said. "She sent me what a real Kentucky girl regards a suitable summer outfit for a gentleman."—Harper's Weekly.

On All Fours.

"Miggs is running for office this year, isn't he?"

"Running? He's absolutely groveling for it."—Chicago Tribune.



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NANCIEBEL

A Tale of Stratford-on-Avon

By WILLIAM BLACK

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER IV.

FOR Mr. Richard Stratford-on-Avon was an empty town after the departure of Nanciebel. He used to wander all round the neighborhood, through the meadows, down by the river or along to the Weir brake, or again he would go away up to the top of Bardon hill and survey the wide landscape, identifying almost every feature of it with some recollection of his lost Nancy. Here was a lane in which she had made shy confession of her love and sworn sweet vows of constancy until death. Yonder was the highway in which not a fortnight thereafter they had had a furious quarrel, and still further along the point at which she had become suddenly penitent and had wept tearful tears of contrition. However, went into the little shop in the High street and begged Miss Kate Marlow to allow him to visit in solitude and silence the vacant little courtyard in which Nanciebel and he had conjured up so many fair dreams and visions of the future. Sister Kate was sympathetic and understood. She left him to his sentimental grief and gave him ample opportunity to become as miserable as he wished. But one afternoon Miss Kate had a confidential favor to bestow on him.

"I had a letter from Nancy this morning," she said at the door of the shop. "I was wondering she did not write, but she said she waited until she got settled. Would you like to see it?"

"Oh, yes," said he eagerly, "for she won't write to me until the end of next week! Of course I am anxious to know how she takes to the place."

Therewith he followed Nanciebel's sister inside, and she went and got the letter. It was a long and elaborate composition, showing care as regards the handwriting. No doubt Nancy was already practicing, but it was the contents that interested Mr. Richard and surprised him. He expected that Nanciebel would be complaining of her sad fortune, pining for absent friends, recalling the pleasant hours she had passed with those she loved most and wondering when her period of banishment was to be over. Nothing of the kind. In this letter Nancy seemed rather to be giving herself airs. Her sister was told of all the elegancies of life at the vicarage, even to the ringing of a dressing bell before dinner and was given to understand that Nancy was put in a position of perfect equality with the vicar's daughters and even treated with consideration and respect by the lady housekeeper, a somewhat awful person, as it appeared, who presided over the establishment. Mention was made of the Stanhope phaeton which had awaited her at the station. The garden of the vicarage communicated with that of Hollwell Court, the residence of the Hon. G. Stapleton, brother of Lord [illegible] Vaux and Esk, and as the vicar's family had the free run of the place Nancy, when the two young ladies were at their morning's tasks, would sometimes wander into the hothouses, where the Scotch head gardener told her the Latin names of the plants and otherwise introduced her to the science of botany. And so Mr. Richard read on, momentarily expecting some reference to himself, but finding no such thing. He handed back those closely scribbled sheets and thanked Miss Kate. Then he walked away home rather dispirited.

But a very different letter arrived at Woodend toward the close of the following week. There was no showing off or pride of place, but the outpourings and tender confidences of an innocent young soul that might have melted a heart of stone. Oh, for the happy days, never to be recalled, which she had passed with her dear Richard in that beloved Stratford town! Here she was, all alone, far, far from friends, with no one to cheer her or comfort her, with the future all grown dark and hopeless. The night brought wakeful hours of memory and weeping over bygone happiness; the morning brought with it a renewed sense of isolation. A moan as of a dove deprived of its mate went all through this letter, and even while the young man prized and welcomed eagerly these artless confessions his heart was stricken with sympathy and pity. Poor Nancy! Even the Stanhope phaeton and the dressing bell before dinner and the Hon. Mr. Stapleton's greenhouses and the Scoto-Latin names of flowers seemed not altogether to compensate. She still thought of her dear Richard and of drowsy Stratford town and the silent winding Avon.

But the drowsiness of Warwickshire, so far as Mrs. Kingston and her son were concerned, was about to be broken in upon in a sudden and startling manner. Quite unexpectedly, without any warning, the news arrived that Richard's uncle out in China had at last accomplished the end he had long had in view, his retirement from the immediate direction of the firm of Kingston, Campbell & Co. of Shanghai, and that he and his stepdaughter would almost immediately start for Europe. There were some further details in the letter. Uncle Alexander meant to set up house in London after he had had time to look about, but in the meanwhile on his arrival there would be a good deal of legal business to attend to and he would take it as a kindness if his sister-in-law for that brief period would receive into her house his stepdaughter Florence. Now, Mrs. Kingston had never even seen this young lady, who was a daughter by a former husband of Uncle Alexander's second and recently deceased wife. But the little widow never thought of evading this demand made upon her by her impetuous and hot tempered brother-in-law. It was not the aspect of this surprising intelligence which filled Mrs. Kingston's breast with concern.

"Richard," she said, going to her son with the letter in her hand, "your Uncle Alexander and his daughter are coming to England, and he is going to bring her down here to stay with us a little while until he gets some business over in London. And—and I suppose there will be a general talk over family affairs," continued the anxious mother, "and—and I suppose I shall have to tell him about Miss—about Nancy?"

Mr. Richard's face flushed quickly.

"I've said before, mother, that I expect Uncle Alexander to mind his own affairs," he remarked in ominous tones. "I am indebted to him in no way, and I don't mean to be. Did I ever ask him for any of his money? Who constituted him my guardian?"

"I am sure that your Uncle Charles and I did what was right about—about Nancy," said the widow, who seemed always to have a little struggle in calling Miss Marlow by her Christian name, "but I know all the same that your Uncle Alexander will be very angry, and you know how stormy and passionate he is."

"Look here, mother," Mr. Richard said decisively. "I want you to understand this. I am not going to allow Uncle Alexander to worry you about Nancy or anything else either. If he has anything to say, let him say it to me, and he shall have his answer. But if I find him beginning to bully you I shall show him the way to the door. I suppose you may live all your life in China and yet not have forgotten how to take a hint."

Alas, when Uncle Alexander arrived at Woodend, accompanied by a tall, handsome and bright looking young lady, who appeared to take possession of the whole house in a bewildering sort of way, he was in no truculent mood! He was a complete wreck, he declared. The long voyage had shattered him; the rattling across France had still further destroyed his nerves; his consolation now was that he could lay his bones to rest in his native land. It is true that as Mr. Richard watched the performance of this big, heavy, bilious complexioned man at luncheon he was of opinion that for a moribund person he possessed a remarkably brave appetite. His harrowing description of the sensations he suffered during the wakeful hours of night did not interfere with his large consumption of steak and kidney pie, and by the time that cheese and celery were produced he had got through the best part of a decanter of old Madeira. He had been growing more and more silent, however, as the repast proceeded, and when all rose from table he said he would retire to his own room and lie down for awhile, as he found that a nap after lunch had a soothing effect on his nervous system.

And here were mother and son with this strange young lady left on their hands. But the strange young lady was in nowise disconcerted.

"Well, cousin," she said gayly as she turned to Mr. Richard, "are you coming to show me over the curiosities of Stratford? I suppose I may call myself an English woman, and an English woman ought to know something of Stratford-on-Avon. How far is it in to the town, please?"

"A little over a couple of miles," said he. "But I will drive you in, if you like."

"Oh, thanks. That will be capital," said she. "You can tell me when the carriage is ready. I shall be in the drawing room with Aunt Cecilia." And therewith she quite naturally and affectionately put her hand within the widow's arm and led her away with her.

In less than half an hour thereafter Mr. Richard found himself seated next this light hearted cousin of his, who had begged him to give her the reins. It was a pleasant afternoon. The snow had altogether disappeared from the countryside now. There were mild airs blowing, and a touch of sunlight here and there. A feeling of spring was abroad.

"I'm awfully fond of driving," said she. "And driving through an English landscape in the springtime—what can be better than that?"

"I'll have the pony chaise brought round for you every morning, if you like, Miss Kingston," he remarked.

"Miss Kingston!" she exclaimed, with an audacious smile. "Well, well! Why, my name is Floss, and I am your cousin. Can't you put these two together and give me a nicer name than Miss Kingston? I am going to call you Cousin Dick. You see," she continued, giving the reins a shake to wake up the old pony, "girls are subjected to such formalities and conventionalisms in ordinarily talking to gentlemen that where there is a chance of a little familiarity it is quite delightful. Cousin Dick sounds all right, doesn't it?"

"Y-yes," said he. He was thinking of poor little Nanciebel and her shy ways, and he was hoping that Kate Marlow might not see him and this dashing cousin of his if they had occasion to drive along the High street.

When they got into Stratford, however, he put up the horse and trap at the stables belonging to a hotel where he was known, and thereafter they continued their peregrinations on foot. But first of all Cousin Floss paused at a milliner's window and looked in.

"Will you wait for me?" said she, "or come in and sit down? I'm going to buy some little things for your mother to break up the unrelieved black of her mourning. Why, it isn't at all called for, and it is the greater pity in her case, for she is comparatively a young woman and very nice looking, and why should she wear nothing but black? Of course a widow will protest and may even think you cruel, but you have only to talk a little common sense and be firm, and you'll see if I don't get something that will improve Aunt Cecilia's appearance!"

She made her purchases and sent them to the hotel. Then he took her along the New place and showed her the site of Shakespeare's house, and again he conducted her to the church, to the shrine which so many pilgrims from all parts of the world have visited. She betrayed the most lively interest in everything he showed her and talked with an unfailing cheerfulness and frankness. At first, in fact, on setting out with this newly found cousin he had been rather taken aback. Her matter of fact audacity had somewhat disconcerted him, but now he had grown familiar with her fashion of addressing him just as if he were her elder brother.

"Oh, my goodness!" she exclaimed when he showed her the Memorial theater, that fantastic gewgaw building set amid the placid riverside scenery. "Did ever any one see anything so monstrous as that, so preposterous in itself and so out of keeping with the quiet, old fashioned town? Why, have you no public spirited men in England? Couldn't they raise a subscription to buy up that awful structure and have it conveyed to the coast and hurled into the sea? How do you expect Shakespeare's ghost to rest with a thing like that in the neighborhood?"

And then again as they were driving home she said in her airy fashion:

"How do you spend the evenings, Cousin Dick?"

"After dinner, you mean?" he said. "Oh, well, the mater is always happy enough if she has a volume of Tennyson, and I wander about outside with a cigarette."

"You haven't a billiard room?"

"No."

"Papa must see that there is a billiard room in the house he takes in London," continued Miss Florence, with decision. "Gentlemen are too valuable creatures of an evening to be allowed to go away by themselves to smoke. And I'm very fond of smoke."

"Perhaps you have tried a cigarette yourself?" he asked, with a dash of impertinence.

"I?" she answered carelessly. "Oh, no! But I can play billiards a little, and I don't care how smoky the atmosphere is. By the way, Captain Dick, are you a good waltzer?"

"I don't know—middling, I suppose," was his reply.

"That means you are a capital waltzer," she said, with much satisfaction, "and I'm delighted to hear it. A cousin who is a good waltzer must be simply invaluable, and when we get our London house I shall rely on you to save me from bad partners. An awful lot can be done by skillful connivance. One of these evenings at Woodend we'll clear the drawing room and have a turn to see if our steps correspond, and, being my cousin, you know, you won't be afraid to catch hold of me. That is the worst of a bad partner, a stranger, who seems to think you're made of glass and will break if he touches you. I like to feel that my partner has a good grip and knows where he is going."

When they reached home they found that tea had just been brought in to the widow's little boudoir, and through the windows they could see that Uncle Alexander was pacing up and down the longest path in the garden outside—walking with a quick, little, shuffling step, his head bent forward, his arms swinging at his side.

"Shall I go and call your papa, Cousin Floss?" said Mr. Richard, bravely tackling her newly assumed style and title.

"Oh, no, no!" she cried. "He'll come in when he has done the regulation quantity. I have no doubt he has carefully measured out the forty-four yards, and forty times make a mile, you know. But if you interrupt him he loses count and has to begin the mile all over again, and that makes him cross naturally. Poor papa! He used to be so put out on board ship. He never could get a stretch of the upper deck left undisturbed for him. As soon as he began one of the officers would be sure to order up the lascars to do something or other, or else some of the passengers would come and take possession with rope quoits or shovel board. I hope our London house will be in a square, where papa will be able to get a measured space without being overlooked."

But when Uncle Alexander came in it was not to tea. He was groaning and complaining. He hardly knew which of his ailments demanded most immediate attention, whether it was the headache that lay across his brow like an iron clamp or the heartburn that gnawed in his bosom like some internal rat or the sickness and lassitude that seemed pulling him generally to the ground. Well, he attacked the heartburn first, with bicarbonate of soda. That proving of no avail, he had a thin slice of bread and butter thickly spread with cayenne pepper, and, having bolted that bolus, he washed it down with a good stiff glass of brown brandy and water. Whether the heartburn disappeared or not, he seemed at least to recover a little from the hopeless depression that had been hanging over him, and he could now talk without a succession of melancholy sighs.

He was going up to town next morning, he said. Would it be convenient for Aunt Cecilia to have Florence remain with her for a week or ten days until he had seen to his business affairs in London? The widow replied that she would be most delighted. She had already cast favoring eyes on this frank spirited girl. Thereafter again asked Uncle Alexander would Aunt Cecilia and Richard come up to town and be his guests for a week or two at the private hotel he was staying at in Arlington street? Florence wanted some one to show her about London. He would be glad to have Aunt Cecilia's advice about the choice of a house. The little widow hesitated. The whirl of town life was not much to her liking. She had grown accustomed to this peaceful, secluded existence. But here Miss Florence struck in and declared that she would only remain at Woodend on the understanding that Aunt Cecilia and Cousin Dick should go to London with her at the end of her stay, and that settled the matter. The arrangement was finally made, and Uncle Alexander returned to the garden, to the measured forty-four yards that were to assist the action of the cayenne pepper and brandy.

So it came about that Florence Kingston was established at Woodend, where she speedily made herself felt as anything but a dull and depressing influence. The irresistible cheerfulness, the heedlessness, the good humor of the girl acted as a kind of charm upon the solitary little widow, who thawed and warmed into smiles in the sunshine of this constant companionship, for it was not at all upon Mr. Richard that Cousin Floss bestowed her attentions. Indeed, she treated that young man in somewhat of a cavalier spirit. It was the gentle mother whom she petted and teased and spoiled and laughed at all at once.

"I declare, Richard," said the widow on one occasion when Cousin Floss had just left the room, "when that girl goes out, it is just as if a hurricane had passed by, leaving a sudden calm behind it."

"And yet you don't seem to dislike her, mater," he observed.

"Dislike her? No. Sometimes I think I am getting too fond of her," the widow said, with a sigh. Perhaps she was thinking of what might have been.

Then came the evening on which the great waltzing experiment was to be tried. As well as they could, they cleared the tables and chairs from the larger drawing room, and Mrs. Kingston was asked to officiate at the piano. How long was it since the widow had played a waltz, or any other species of musical composition, for the matter of that? Nevertheless she could refuse this headstrong girl nothing, so presently she was strumming away at some [illegible] old fashioned tune, while the young people were gliding round the cleared space to the tinkle tinkle of the venerable instrument. When they stopped, Miss Florence was good enough to say:

"You do very well, Cousin Dick. Oh, yes; you and I will have a little practice every evening, and we'll get into each other's ways perfectly. I like your reversing; you're not afraid to catch hold. And then I shall rely on you in London, mind. Whenever I want to get rid of a bore or a bad dancer I shall claim you. You must be at my beck and call. It's wonderful what tricks you can play with a programme when you have an accomplice, and when the accomplice is your cousin it's all right, don't you see?"

But the opportunities for bringing this dark conspiracy into operation were as yet afar off, for when Mrs. Kingston and Mr. Richard eventually went up to London with Cousin Floss the whole party found themselves in a private hotel, Uncle Alexander not yet having provided himself with a house. And meanwhile, as the retired China merchant was still being called upon to go into the city on business matters, the introducing of Miss Florence to the ways and customs of the town and to its outward features as well fell upon these two Warwickshire folk, who were almost as much strangers as herself. That, however, did not matter much to Mr. Richard, who had the arrangement of their little excursions and rather liked going about with this pretty and vivacious cousin.

The barouche which Uncle Alexander had hired he seldom was allowed to make use of. It was in almost constant requisition for the three sightseers. Miss Florence was, of course, taken to the Tower. The British museum did not occupy much of her time, but a students' day in the National gallery interested her keenly. She heard part of a debate in the house of commons and had tea in the tearoom. She hunted out the neighborhoods that had grown familiar to her in her favorite novels. Was that, then, the actual building in which poor Angelica had sat and stitched and watered her bread with tears and given her lover up for dead, the lover who was pining in a Spanish prison far away and never hoping to regain his native land? Other buildings also whose names she had heard of she was taken to visit—the Trafalgar at Greenwich, the Star and Garter at Richmond, and so forth, and most frankly did she enjoy the little festivities that accompanied these wanderings. Then there were concerts and theaters for an occasional afternoon or evening. Hardly a day seemed long enough. The widow grew quite cheerful through her constant association with this bright and bold young life that was showing all its pleasantest characteristics in these varied scenes. Mr. Richard had never seen her look so well or so happy, and she was content (if with a smile of doleful resignation) to wear whatever Miss Florence imperiously insisted on her wearing. Uncle Alexander, it may be observed, remained apart from these gayeties. For one thing, his business arrangements did not go forward quite as smoothly as he had expected; for another, the state of his health called for a constant care. He was his own physician. He had found that ordinary doctors were rude persons, who were not ashamed to hint that he ought to eat and drink less and take more exercise. He knew that his many ailments arose from far more recondite causes and demanded the most studious treatment. These continuous escapades on the part of his daughter and her two relatives were not for him. How could he be expected to go and breathe the polluted air of a theater when he had to be in his own room looking every ten minutes at his tongue in a mirror? But he was glad to think that Floss had youth and health and spirits to enjoy all that mad gadding about, and he hoped that his sister in law and her son would prolong their stay in London as long as they conveniently could.

Amid all this whirl of amusement and enjoyment Mr. Richard suddenly remembered that the day appointed for his first visit to Bristol was drawing near, and perhaps he had an uneasy consciousness that he had been somewhat neglectful of poor little Nanciebel. He had not written to her literally every morning, for life in London was a desperately busy thing, and sometimes his budget of news for the week was a somewhat perfunctory affair. However, that would all be put right now. Letter writing was an ineffective thing at the best. When he was once more face to face with his sweetheart, her tender eyes looking into his, she would know that he had been true to her in absence, and would they not both congratulate each other that the first two months of that cruel separation were over now?

When Cousin Floss heard that he was going down to Bristol on the following Monday, she was indignant.

"What for?" she demanded in her straightforward way.

"I have an appointment that I must keep," said he.

"Why, it is Monday night we were going to see 'The Winter's Tale' at the Lyceum. Papa got the box a fortnight ago. And you know your mother and I just hate going anywhere by ourselves. How far away is Bristol? Can't you come back in time to take us to the theater?"

Well, the truth is, he had intended staying the night at Hollwell vicarage in order to have a long evening with Nanciebel, but then, on the other hand, both his mother and cousin looked so naturally to him for escort and guidance that he was almost bound to return and take them to the Lyceum, as they wished. There was an afternoon train leaving Bristol which would bring him to Paddington at 6:30, that would just give him time to get to the hotel, snatch a bit of dinner and dress. So he told Cousin Floss that she should not be balked of "The Winter's Tale" on his account.

He left London on the Monday morning by the 9 o'clock express and reached Bristol at 12. During the journey down he had been possessed not so much with joy at the prospect of meeting Nanciebel as with a half confessed fear that she might begin to cross examine him and be petulant and cause trouble. He was conscious that the sorrow of separation had not fallen equally on him and her; he had had distractions, about which the less said the better. And when on arriving at Hollwell vicarage and being ushered into the drawing room he found that along with Nanciebel there were his two cousins and also the governess perhaps he was somewhat relieved. Yet Nanciebel looked so gentle and so pleased at his coming too. She regarded him covertly with her dark, soft eyes, and a mantling blush suffused her cheek when he made bold to address a word or two to her direct. "Mr. Kingston," she called him before the vicar's daughters and the governess. There was something odd and unexpected about the way she wore her hair now, and about her dress, too, that did not escape his notice. She seemed to have undergone some kind of transformation, though he could not define it exactly. She was hardly the same Nanciebel who used to walk up and down the little courtyard with him, crisp snow underfoot and shining and throbbing stars overhead.

Luncheon bell rang, and the vicar appeared at the same time. In a minute or two they were all assembled at table in the dining room. And Uncle Charles was full of questions about his brother-in-law Alexander and his plans and also about his niece, or quasi niece, Florence, whom he had never seen. On this latter point Mr. Richard was frankly talkative, not to say effusive, and Nanciebel, on the other side of the table, listened in silence. A stranger might have fancied that she and this handsome young man had now met for the first time and that the quiet little country girl was rather impressed by his stories of the fine doings in London town.

After luncheon the various members of the small household discreetly went their several ways, leaving Mr. Richard and his sweetheart by themselves. But still there were servants about, so Nanciebel said shyly:

"Will you come into the garden, Richard?"

"Anywhere you like, Nancy," he answered, and he followed her through the open French window and down the wide stone steps. It was a large, old fashioned garden, and there were walls of yew intersecting it.

"I am so glad to see you again, Richard," she said, with downcast eyes. She did not dare to take his arm, for there might be a spectator at one or other of the windows.

"And I am glad to find you looking so well," said he. "I was sure you would find my uncle and my cousins as kind as you could wish. I saw that from the first in your letters, though you weren't quite—quite as—as outspoken as you might have been."

"Were you disappointed, Richard?" she said humbly. "But you don't know, dear, how lonely I have been since I came here! Yes, they are very kind, but kindness isn't everything," she continued, with a bit of a sigh. "When I think of those days at Stratford—ah, that was different!"

"Yes, I know, Nanciebel," he said. "But you can't expect everything. I know you are very warm hearted, and you like to have people say nice things to you and be good to you and pet you. But that can't be always and everywhere, and I don't think you are so badly off."

"It's all very well for you to say so," said Nanciebel, with some rebellious spirit, "when you are having every possible enjoyment and amusement along with that cousin of yours. Of course you don't feel dull. Of course you don't feel lonely."

"Well," said he sharply, "I don't pine and fret if there is no one by to say pretty things and give me caresses."

"I dare say she would if you asked her," said Nanciebel, with a toss of her head.

He drew in his breath, but stopped ere any word of anger could escape. No, he had not come down here to quarrel with Nancy. And, after all, might there not be some little justification? Had he quite realized her loneliness? Had he honestly contrasted it with the gay time he had been spending in London?

"We mustn't fall out, Nanciebel," said he slowly. "I have only a short time to stay."

"A short time to stay!" she repeated. "Why, when are you going back?"

"By the 3:42," he made answer.

There was a momentary silence.

"Richard," said she, "here is the time come we have been looking forward to so long—at least that I have been looking forward to—and you take advantage of it to the extent of a couple of hours. Are you sure it wasn't a mere sense of duty that brought you here at all? Perhaps you didn't want to come."

"Perhaps I didn't want to come!" he said impatiently. And then he controlled himself and said in quite an altered tone:

"Oh, stuff and nonsense, Nanciebel! Why will you insist on quarreling, you little, quick tempered, warm hearted stupid! Come, kiss and be friends!"

They were at the moment passing through an arched opening cut in the thick wall of yew, and she obediently paused and did as she was bid. The reconciliation was complete. She took him to see Mr. Stapleton's greenhouses and introduced him to the head gardener, a young Scotchman of eight and twenty or so, who, as she afterward informed him, was prodigiously clever, had attended classes at Glasgow university, though he was then quite poor, and was now so recognized a master of his art that he had been offered the equivalent of his present situation at Beever Towers, the seat of the Duke of Grandon. She led him round to show him the caged eagles and the white peacocks and what not. Indeed she seemed just as much at home here at Hollwell Court as at the adjoining vicarage. Then she pointed out that, if he must really go by the 3:42 train, it was about time for him to return indoors.

Both his cousins and Nanciebel drove with him in to the town to see him off. The parting between him and Nancy was necessarily not effusive, for Gertrude and Laura were looking on, and they were merry and talkative girls who would hardly leave him alone for a second. Nor were there tears in Nanciebel's eyes as the train moved away from the station and as she waved her handkerchief to him in final adieu. In fact, this leavetaking was far different from that which had occurred when Nanciebel bade goodby to Stratford. But was it not better that it should be so? he asked himself as he sat alone in the carriage and was being rapidly whirled away toward London. Nancy seemed more satisfied with this separation now, if at times she complained that there was no one to be good to her. And meanwhile—meanwhile he would get to Arlington street in time to slip into evening dress and take his mother and Cousin Floss to the Lyceum.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

APHORISMS.

You never lift up a life without being yourself lifted up.—Emerson.

To ease another's heartache is to forget one's own.—Abraham Lincoln.

It is ever true that he who does nothing for others does nothing for himself.—Goethe.

'Tis far better to live and be poor than be rich with an empty heart.—Lewis Morris.

God doesn't care for what is on the outside; he cares for what is inside.—Rev. M. Babcock.

Fruitless is sorrow for having done amiss if it issue not in a resolution to do so no more.—Bishop Horne.

The next time you are discouraged just try encouraging some one else and see if it will not cheer you.—J. R. Miller.

Sin is never at a stay. If we do not retreat from it, we shall advance in it, and the farther on we go the more we have to come back.—Barrow.

Kind looks, kind words, kind acts and warm hand shakes—these are secondary means of grace when men are in trouble and are fighting their unseen battles.—Dr. John Hall.

Queen Elizabeth's Amulet.

Queen Elizabeth during her last illness wore around her neck a charm made of gold which had been bequeathed her by an old woman in Wales, who declared that so long as the queen wore it she would never be ill. The amulet, as was generally the case, proved of no avail, and Elizabeth, notwithstanding her faith in the charm, not only sickened, but died. During the plague in London people wore amulets to keep off the dread destroyer. Amulets of arsenic were worn near the heart. Quills of quicksilver were hung around the neck, and also the powder of toads.

The Absentminded Professor.

At a session of the German reichstag an absentminded member, Herr Wichmann, created no little amusement. He was calling the roll, and upon reaching his own name he paused for a response. Naturally none came. Then he called the name more loudly, waited a few seconds and roared it out at the top of his voice. The laughter of his colleagues finally aroused him to a sense of the ludicrousness of his act, and he joined in the general hilarity.

Misdirected Philanthropy.

"Ah got no use fo' de man," said Charcoal Eph in one of his philosophical turns, "dat donate er thousan' dollahs t' de heathen fund oh de fashionable church wid one han' an' raise de rents on his tenement houses wid de udder. Ah 'spec' he bettah begin practicin' crawlin' fro' de eye ob er needle, Mistah Jackson!"—Baltimore News.

Quite Amicable.

"Why did you quit your job? Did you have a disagreement with the boss?"

"Oh, no; not at all. I told him I had to have more money or I would quit, and he said it was mutually satisfactory."—Indianapolis News.

When there has been a death in the family, the house seems terribly large.—Atchison Globe.

The Man Who Made a Man

By HARLE OREN CUMMINS.

Copyright, by H. O. Cummins.

When Professor Aloysius Holbrok resigned his chair as head of the department of synthetic chemistry in a famous American college, his friends wondered, for they well knew that his greatest pleasure in life lay in original chemical investigations. When two weeks later the papers stated that the learned chemist had been taken to the Rathburn Asylum For the Insane, wonder changed to inordinate curiosity.

Although nothing definite was published in the papers, there were hints of strange things which had taken place in the private laboratory on Brimmer street, and before long a story was current that as a result of dabbling in the mysteries of psychology a man had been killed while undergoing one of Professor Holbrok's experiments.

It is to clear up this mystery and to refute the charges of murder that I, who served for ten years as his assistant, am about to write this account, which, to the best of my knowledge, [illegible] the facts of the case.

I had noticed for the year previous that Professor Holbrok was much preoccupied, but I knew that he was working over some new experiment. Many times when I came to his door at 9 o'clock to clean up as usual for the next day I found a notice placed on the door telling me that he was in the midst of important work and would not need me that day. I thought nothing about it at the time, for when he was experimenting with Dr. Bicknell, performing operations with hypnotism instead of anesthetics, there were weeks at a time when I was not allowed even a glimpse of the inside of the laboratories. One day, however, as I came in to report the professor called me in and told me that he wanted to have a talk with me.

"You know, Frederick," he began, "that I have been working and experimenting for a long time on a new problem, and I have not told you or any one else the object of my toil. But now I have come to a point where I must take some one into my confidence. I need an assistant, and I know of no one I can trust more than you, who have been with me now for nearly a dozen years."

I was naturally flattered.

"Frederick," he continued, rising and placing his hand on my shoulder, "this experiment is the greatest one of my life. I am going to do what has never before been done in the history of the world except by God himself. I shall make a man!"

I did not realize at first what he meant. I was startled not only by his wild statement, but also by the intense tone in which he had spoken.

"You do not understand," he said. "But let me explain. You know enough chemistry to realize that all things—water, air, food, everything which we use in everyday life—are merely combinations of certain simple elements. As you have seen me by means of an electric current decompose a jar of pure water into its two component parts, two molecules of hydrogen to every molecule of oxygen, so you can bring these same elements together in the gaseous state, and if the correct proportions are observed when an electric spark or a flame is brought into contact with the mixture you will obtain again the liquid water. This is only a simple case, but the chemical laws which govern it hold equally well for every known substance found in nature. There are only about seventy-five known elements, and of these less than thirty compose the majority of the things found in everyday life.

"During the last six months I have been working with these elements, making different substances. I have taken a piece of wood, decomposed it with acids, analyzed it quantitively and qualitatively, finding the proportions in which its elements were combined. Then I have taken similar elements, brought them together in the same proportion, and I have produced a piece of wood so natural you would have sworn it grew upon a tree.

"I have been analyzing and then making again every common thing which you see in nature, but I was only practicing. I have had an end in view. Finally I took a human body which I obtained from Dr. Bicknell at the medical college, and I analyzed the flesh, the bones, the blood—in short, every part of it. What did I find? Of that body, weighing 165 pounds, 106 pounds were nothing but water, pure water, such as you may draw at the tap over yonder, and the blood which in the man's life had gone coursing through his veins, bringing nourishment to every part—what was that? Nothing but a serum filled with little cellular red corpuscles, which in their turn were only combinations of carbon, oxygen, sulphur and a few other simple elements.

"I have taken the sternum bone from a dead man's chest, analyzed it, then brought together similar elements, placed them in a mold, and I have produced a bone which was just as real as the one with which I started. There were only two things in nature I could not reproduce. One was starch, that substance whose analysis has defied chemists of all ages; the other was the flesh. Though I have analyzed bits of it carefully, when I have brought together again those elementary parts the flesh would not form.

"Chemists all over the world have been able to resolve the flesh into proteids, the awesome proteids, as they are called. They form the principal solids of the muscular, nervous and glandular tissues, the serum of the blood and of lymph, but no man on earth except myself has ever been able to create a proteid. They have missed the whole secret because they have been working at ordinary temperatures. Just as the drop of water will not form from its two gases at 4,500 degrees F. or at its own lower explosion temperature unless the spark be applied, so will protoplasm not form except under certain electric and thermal conditions.

"For the last two months I have been working on these lines alone, varying my temperatures from the extreme cold produced by liquid air to the intense heat of the compound blowpipe, and I have been repaid. A fortnight ago I discovered how it was that I had erred, and since then I have succeeded in everything I have tried. I have formed the proteids; the fats and the carbohydrates which go to make up protoplasm, and with these for my solid foundations I have made every minute and complicated organ of the body. I have done more than that. I have put those component parts together, and now behold what I have made!"

He lifted a sheet, which was thrown over a heap of something on the table, and I started back with a strange mixture of awe and horror, for stretched out on that marble slab lay a naked body, which, if it had never been a man, living and breathing as I lived and breathed, then I would have sworn I dreamed.

The thoughts which began to come into my mind probably showed in my face, for the professor said: "You doubt? You think that I have lost my reason and this thing is some man that I have killed. Well, I do not blame you. A year ago I myself would have scoffed at the very idea of creating such a man. But you shall see; you shall be convinced, for in the next part of the experiment I must have your help. I will show you how I have made this man or I will make another before your eyes. Then you and I, we will go further; we will do what no one but God has ever done before; we will make that inert mass a living man."

The horror of the thing began to leave me, for I was fascinated by what he said, and I began to feel the same spirit with which he was inspired.

He took me into his private laboratory, and before my eyes, with only the contents of a few reagent bottles, a blowpipe and an electric battery, he made a mass of human flesh. I will not give you the formula, neither will I tell you in detail how it was done. God forbid that any other man should see what I saw afterward.

"Now all that remains is the final experiment, and that with your help I propose doing tonight," said the professor. "What we have to do is as much of a riddle to me as it is to you. It is purely and simply an experiment. I am going to pass through that lifeless clay the same current of electricity which if sent through a living man would produce death. Of course, with a man who had died from the giving out of some vital function I could not hope to succeed, but the organs of this man which I have made are in a perfectly healthy condition. It is my hope, therefore, that the current which would destroy a living man will bring this thing to life."

We bore that naked body, not a corpse and yet so terribly like, into the electric laboratory and laid it on a slab of slate. Just at the base of its brain we scraped a little bare spot not larger than a pea, and, as I live, a drop of blood oozed out. On the right wrist just over the pulse we made another abrasion, and to these spots we brought the positive and negative wires from off the mains of the street current outside.

I held the two bare uninsulated bits of copper close to the flesh. Professor Holbrok switched into circuit 2,000 volts of electricity, and then before our startling eyes that thing which was only a mass of chemical compounds became a man.

A convulsive twitching brought the body almost into a sitting position; then the mouth opened, and there burst forth from the lips a groan.

I have been in the midst of battles, and I have seen men dying all around me, torn to ribbons by shot and shell, and I have not flinched; but when I tore the wires from that writhing, groaning shape and saw its chest begin to heave with spasmodic breathing I fainted.

When I came to myself, I was lying half across the slab of slate, and the room was filled with a sickening stench, an odor of burning flesh. I looked for the writhing form which I had last seen on the table, but those wires, with their deadly current, which I tried to tear away as I fainted, must have been directed back by a higher hand, for there only remained on the slab a charred and cinderlike mass.

And the man who had made a man could not explain, for he was crawling about on the floor counting the nails in the boards and laughing wildly.

Products From Bones.

The economy which is practiced in the average boarding house has become proverbial, but it is extravagance to the standard of economy practiced at a "bone mill." The chief product from bones is glue, and among other materials which are obtained from them are soap, glycerin and fertilizers. Nothing is wasted. Even the most economical boarding house has a few parings and husks to throw away. There are no parings and husks in the disposition of the bones.

Reduced Rates to The Seashore.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company has arranged for four low-rate fifteen-day excursions for the present season from Erie, Rouseville, Corry, Dunkirk, Buffalo, Olean, Rochester, Bradford, Tionesta, Warren, Clermont, DuBois, and principal intermediate stations to Renovo, inclusive, to Atlantic City, Cape May, Ocean City or Sea Isle City, on July 22, August 4, 11 and 20, 1902.

Excursion tickets, good to return by regular trains within fifteen days, will be sold at very low rates. Tickets to Atlantic City will be sold via the Delaware River Bridge Route, the only all-rail line, or via Market Street Wharf, Philadelphia.

Stop over can be had at Philadelphia either going or returning.

For information in regard to specific rates and time of trains consult hand bills, apply to ticket agents, E. S. Harrar, Division Ticket Agent, Williamsport, Pa., or B. P. Fraser, Passenger Agent Buffalo Division, 307 Main Street, Ellicott Square, Buffalo, N. Y.

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Notice of Application For a Charter.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to his Excellency, William A. Stone, Governor of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, on Monday, August 11th, 1902, by John J. Henry, James Bayard, M. F. Quinn, T. H. Quinn, F. S. Sherman, L. C. Thompson, John Troy and others, under the Act of Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled, "An Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of natural gas companies," approved May 29th, A. D. 1885, and the supplements thereto, for a charter of an intended Corporation to be called Straight Gas Company, the character and object of which is for the purpose of producing, dealing in, transporting, storing and supplying natural gas; its principal office and place of business to be at Straight in the Township of Jones in the County of Elk, and the places where its business in its various branches is to be conducted are, the Townships of Keating, Liberty, Norwich and Sergeant in the County of McKean, and the Townships of Jones, Benzinger and Ridgway in the County of Elk; and for the above mentioned purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of the said Act of Assembly and its supplements.

GORTON & RICHMOND,
Solicitors.

Smethport, Pa., July 18th, 1902.

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Governor—William A. Stone.
Lieutenant Governor—J. P. S. Gobin.
State Treasurer—Frank G. Harris.
Auditor General—[illegible]
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—James Latta.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY

President Judge—Thomas A. Morrison, Smethport.
Member of Congress—J. C. Sibley, Venango.
State Senator—Myron Mason, Bradford.
Member of Assembly—E. A. Boyne, Bradford.
District Attorney—John P. Melvin, Bradford, Pa.
Sheriff—William B. Clarke, Smethport.
Prothonotary—G. W. Mitchell, Bradford.
County Treasurer—A. W. Boyd, Bradford.
Commissioners—A. M. Boardman, Smethport; Albert Peterson, Kane; Thos. L. Hungiville, Smethport.
Com'rs Clerk, S. D. Weaver, Kane.
Jury Com'rs—Walter Ostrander, Wm. Broder.
Auditors—A. L. Gallup, Smethport; R. G. Barth, Port Allegany; James Devin, Bradford.
Coroner—E. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County Sch'l Superintendent—J. P. Myers, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—F. W. Brownell.
Council—James A. McKean, president; Mrs. J. Colegrove, Secretary; W. P. Walsh, treasurer; Charles McKean, C. Herzog, Alfred Hagberg, Thomas Camp, J. A. Yerdon.
Justices—B. L. Knapp, W. Stark.
Constable—C. N. Bates.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—E. R. Mayo, president; [illegible], treasurer; E. D. Gallup, secretary; W. F. Specht, D. W. [illegible], Oscar Eastlund, [illegible], Carl Swet.
Assessor—J. A. H[illegible].
Auditors—E. C. Sasse, John Eastman, Alex Clarke.
Judge of Election—H. G. Herzberg.
Inspectors of Election—[illegible]

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m., at Masonic Hall, Main street.
GEO. W. MITCHELL, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings of each week in I. O. O. F. Hall. Wednesdays Initiatory degree first [illegible], [illegible] degree third, and 3rd degree on fourth [illegible].
[illegible], N. G.
W. G. HELLER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. [illegible], meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
[illegible] SWANSON, Chief Patriarch.
H. M. CHADWICK, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. [illegible], meets first and third Friday evenings of each month at I. O. O. F. Hall.
E. R. MAYO, Com.
H. L. BURLINGAME, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.
MRS. [illegible] CROSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE FORD, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 185, meets Tuesday evenings of each month in Keess Hall.
Z. T. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.
H. C. WELLS, Com.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—[illegible] Hive, No. 4[illegible], meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.
[illegible], Com.
Lizzie L. Hoops, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 31, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus Block, at 7:30 p. m.
JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every Wednesday afternoon at 3:00 p. m. in the M. E. chapel.
MISS S. A. SCULL, Pres't.
MRS. M. F. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 2[illegible], meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
ADDIE E. STULL, Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 18, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
MRS. W. F. SPECHT, W. M.
MRS L. T. COLEGROVE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
JOHN BENDER, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches

Methodist Episcopal—Gaylord H. Patterson, Ph. D., pastor. Class Meeting, Sunday at 10 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 11:45 a. m. Junior League at 4 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p. m., Sunday School 3:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church.—Rev. P. Cosgrove, Pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each Sunday.

First Baptist Church.—P. S. Calvin, Pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 11:00 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

Colegrove.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.

Clermont Church.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every other Sunday at 3 p. m.

TRAVELER'S GUIDE.

Pennsylvania

RAILROAD

BUFFALO AND ALLEGHENY VALLEY DIVISION.

Time Table—Taking effect Nov. 24, 1901.

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.

Buffalo Express, daily except Sunday, 9:14 a. m.
*Buffalo Mail, daily except Sunday, 2:39 p. m.
*Train leaving Smethport 2:39 p. m. connects at Olean with Chautauqua Division for Allegany, Salamanca, Oil City and Pittsburg.

For Clermont.

Train 122, week days..........10:59 a. m.
Train 1-6, week days..........7:07 p. m.

For Larabee, Port Allegany, Coudersport and points south:

Train 121, week days..........9:14 a. m.
Train 123, week days..........2:39 p. m.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD.

8:18 a. m.—Train 12, week days, for Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:23 p. m., New York 9:30 p. m., Baltimore 6:00 p. m., Washington 7:15 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

12:25 p. m.—Train 8, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:32 p.m., New York 10:23 p. m., Baltimore 7:30 p. m., Washington 8:35 p. m. Vestibuled parlor cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

3:23 p. m.—Train 6, daily, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:25 a. m., New York 8:30 a. m., Baltimore 2:30 a. m., Washington 4:05 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper [illegible] until [illegible]

[illegible] for Sunbury, Harrisburg [illegible] stations [illegible] at [illegible] a. m. [illegible] Baltimore [illegible] sleeping [illegible] passengers [illegible] to Philadelphia [illegible] and Washington.

12:[illegible] Train [illegible] Harrisburg [illegible] stations, arriving [illegible] Philadelphia [illegible] a. m., New York [illegible] a. m., week days, [illegible] a. m. Sundays; Baltimore [illegible] a. m., Washington 8:30 [illegible] Vestibuled [illegible] sleeping cars and passenger coaches, [illegible] to Philadelphia and Washington.

WESTWARD.

5:[illegible] Train [illegible] daily [illegible] and [illegible] week days [illegible] intermediate stations.

10:[illegible] Train 3, daily for Erie and week days for DuBois and intermediate stations.

[illegible] Train [illegible], week days, for Kane and intermediate stations.

	Week days	
NORTH	STATIONS	SOUTH
A. M. Lv.		Ar. P. M.
[illegible]	Ridgway	12 05
9 33	[illegible]	11 40
[illegible]	Croyland	11 28
[illegible]	Shawmut	11 20
10 2[illegible]	Instanter	11 16
10 3[illegible]	Straight's Run	11 10
10 4[illegible]	Woodvale	11 04
10 5[illegible]	Clermont	11 00
A. M.		A. M.

Connections are made with train 8, leaving Johnsonburg at 11:48 a. m. for Erie and intermediate points, arriving at Erie at 3:[illegible] p. m. and at Ridgway with train 2[illegible] leaving Ridgway [illegible] p. m. for DuBois, Red Bank, Pittsburg and intermediate points and train 6 leaving Ridgway at [illegible] p. m. for Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington.

J. B. HUTCHINSON, General Manager.
J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Pass. Agt.

B. S. & K. RAILWAY

TIME TABLE.

Eastern Standard Time.

IN EFFECT JUNE 1, 1902.

SOUTHBOUND.

STATIONS	1	3	6	7	9	25
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	A. M.
[illegible] Lv	7 30	11 15	1 20	4 20	6 1[illegible]	
[illegible]	8 1[illegible]	11 53	1 58	4 40	6 56	
[illegible]	8 14	10 57	2 02	4 52	6 5[illegible]	
[illegible]	8 19	11 12	2 07	4 57	7 02	
[illegible]	8 25	11 20	2 14	5 05	7 08	
[illegible]	8 35	11 25	2 25	5 15	7 20	
[illegible] Ar	8 50	11 50	2 50	5 40	7 45	
Lv	8 00	10 45	2 00	4 45	6 50	
[illegible]	9 05	11 50	2 57	5 47	7 57	
[illegible] Ar	9 40	12 25	3 35	6 25	8 [illegible]	
Lv	9 50		4 30			
[illegible]	10 17		5 05			
[illegible]	10 42		5 30			
[illegible]	11 25		6 17			
[illegible]	12 00					
[illegible]	12 15					
[illegible]	12 40					6 1[illegible]
[illegible]	12 45					[illegible]
[illegible]	1 18					[illegible]
[illegible]	1 3[illegible]					[illegible]
[illegible]	1 57					[illegible]
[illegible]	2 [illegible]					[illegible]
[illegible]	3 5[illegible]					[illegible]
[illegible]	4 2[illegible]					[illegible]
[illegible] Ar	5 25					[illegible]
	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	A. M.	

NORTHBOUND.

STATIONS	2	4	6	8	26	10
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
[illegible] Lv				7 50	3 2[illegible]	
[illegible]				8 3[illegible]	4 2[illegible]	
[illegible]				9 3[illegible]	5 1[illegible]	
[illegible]				11 15	7 1[illegible]	
[illegible]				11 30	7 [illegible]	
Kane				12 15	8 0[illegible]	
[illegible]				12 32	8 1[illegible]	
[illegible]				12 45	8 36	
[illegible]				12 48	8 [illegible]	
[illegible]				1 15		
[illegible]				1 34		
[illegible]		8 15		2 15		
[illegible]		9 08		3 00		
[illegible]		9 2[illegible]		3 25		
[illegible]		[illegible]		3 57		
[illegible] Ar / Lv	7 25	10 1[illegible]	1 15	4 [illegible]		2 [illegible]
[illegible]	8 04	[illegible] 40	1 54	4 45		3 [illegible]
[illegible]	8 35	11 20	2 25	5 15		4 [illegible]
[illegible] Ar	9 00	11 50	2 50	5 40		
Lv	8 00	10 45	1 50	4 40		
[illegible]	8 44	11 [illegible]	2 35	5 28		4 1[illegible]
[illegible]	8 50	11 3[illegible]	2 42	5 30		4 [illegible]
[illegible]	8 55	11 42	2 47	5 37		4 2[illegible]
[illegible] June	9 10	11 47	2 58	5 46		4 25
[illegible] Ar.	9 25	12 20	3 25	6 1[illegible]		[illegible]
	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.		P. M.

Trains [illegible] and 10 runs Sunday only.
Train 2 Daily.
Train 3 Daily, except between Ormsby and Smethport on Sundays.
All other trains daily except Sunday.

[illegible] M'KENNA,
[illegible] Pass. Agent.

The Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern R. R

Time Table No. 14. Passenger Train Schedule Effective Saturday, Aug. 5, 1901.

MT. JEWETT & SMETHPORT DIV.

p. m.	p. m.	a. m.		a. m.	p. m.	p. m.
	1.10	8.10	lv Mt Jewett ar	8 00	12 00	
5.21	1.50	8.31	Hazelhurst	7.36	11.36	4 20
5 29	2 03	8.37	Marvindale	7.29	11.29	4 19
5 32	2.10	8.40	Kasson	7.25	11.25	4 15
5.37	2.17	8.47	[illegible]	7.18	11.18	4.08
				7.10		
6.05	2.30	9.14	Smethport	p. m.		
				7.15	11.10	3.40
6.07	2.43	9.27	Farmers Valley	7.03	10.58	3.28
6.14	2.49	9.34	Corryville	6.56	10.51	3.21
6.20	2.55	9.40	Larrabee	6.50	10.46	3.15

SHAWMUT DIVISION.

Southward			STATIONS	Northward	
Read down			& Sidings	Read up	
P.M.	A.M.			P.M.	A.M.
7.40	11.30		Clermont	7.05	8.35
7.59	11.52		Wellendorf	6.25	8.17
8.12	12.06		Wildwood	6.20	8.04
8.22	12.19		North Fork	5.38	7.52
8.29	12.28		Bear Run	5.26	7.47
	AM				PM
8.47	12.50		St. Marys	4.50	7.25
9.07	2.50	7.38	St. Marys	11.02	6.47
	2 52	7.40	Kaul	11.00	6.45
	3.17	8.03	Paine	10.34	6.20
	3.21	8.08	Kersey	10.30	6.16
	4.00	8.46	Elbon	9.59	5.44
	4.05	8.50	Hyde	9.55	5.40
AM	AM			PM	AM
	6.03		St. Marys	6.08	
8.05	6.30		Paine	5.42	8.05
8.35	7.00		Byrne	5.10	7.30
8.40	7.05		Weedville	5.05	7.05

Close connections at St. Marys, with P. & E. R. R, for all points East and West. At Clermont, for all points on W. N. Y. & P. R'y. or their connections.

N. B.—All trains daily except Sunday.

M. S. BLAIR, General Supt.
C. H. HAMMOND, Gen. Pass. Agt.
St. Marys, Pa.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, March 18, 1901.

Ar. Eastward.			STATIONS.	L'v Westward.		
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Ar Dp	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.
8.05	7.05	2.10	Ulysses	7.20	2.25	9.10
7.50	6.53	2.10	Crowell	7.27	2.32	9.19
7.46	o	1.57	Carpenter	o	2.34	9.22
7.40	6.48	1.53	Perkins	7.32	2.37	9.26
7.37	6.45	1.50	New'fld Junc	7.37	2.42	9.32
o	o	1.45	Newfield	7.41	2.46	o
7.05	6.36	1.41	Gold	7.44	2.49	9.40
7.00	6.30	1.35	Raymond	7.49	2.45	9.47
6.45	6.21	1.24	Seven Bdg's	8.01	3.06	10.03
6.40	6.17	1.20	Colesburg	8.04	3.09	10.10
6.25	6.10	1.12	Frinks	8.12	3.17	10.20
6.15	o	1.05	N. Couds'pt	o	3.26	10.35
6.10	6.00	1.00	Dp. Ar.	8.25	3.30	10.45
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Coudersport.			P.M.
4.20	7.45	12.15	Ar. Dp.	8.28	6.00	1.29
o	o	12.13	Hammond	o	o	o
4.05	7.38	12.09	Olmsted	8.33	6.05	1.31
3.50	7.35	12.05	Mina	8.37	6.10	1.37
3.45	o	11.59	Knowlton	o	6.17	o
3.40	7.25	11.55	Roulette	8.47	6.21	1.51
3.30	7.16	11.47	Burtville	8.54	6.28	2.01
3.23	o	11.41	Coleman	o	6.34	o
3.20	o	o	Chem. Wrks	o	o	o
3.15	7.05	11.36	Pt. Allegany	9.08	6.40	2.25
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	Dp Ar.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.

o—Trains do not stop.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R.; at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. R'y. and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. M'CLURE, Supt.

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